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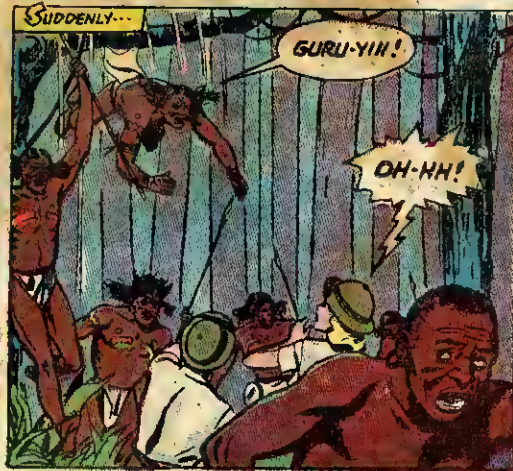
Clothing _____

The MONSTROUS PLANT

IT CERTAINLY WAS A BREAK FOR US WHEN OUR NATIVE GUIDE LOST HIS WAY, SYLVIA... BECAUSE WE'VE STUMBLED ONTO A BOTANICAL PARADISE! WE'RE PROBABLY THE FIRST BOTANISTS EVER TO SET FOOT IN THIS PART OF THE AFRICAN JUNGLE... OR TO SET EYES ON SUCH WEIRD, UN-EARTHLY PLANTS AS THESE!

THAT ISN'T THE ONLY WEIRD THING ABOUT THIS JUNGLE, ARTHUR!!... I HAVE THE STRANGEST SENSATION THAT THERE ARE EYES WATCHING US... GLARING AT US!

DARKEST AFRICA... BREEDING DEMONIACAL WITCH-DOCTORS... YES, EVEN OF A STRANGE, MONSTROUS PLANT LIFE! AND WHEN A MYSTERIOUS SEED IS BROUGHT TO CIVILIZATION FROM THE HEART OF THE JUNGLE'S VAST UNKNOWN, IT YIELDS THE STRANGEST AND MOST GHASTLY FRUIT EVER TO BE SEEN BY MORTAL EYES!



SUDDENLY...

GURU-YIH!

OH-HH!



ARTHUR... HELP!

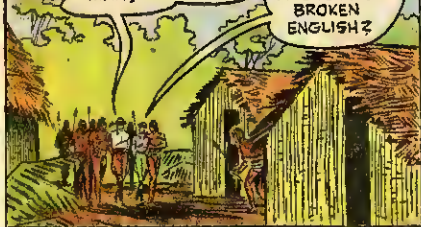
I... I CAN'T, DARLING... THEY'VE GOT US! THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THEM... IT'S USELESS TO STRUGGLE!

YOU COME... WHITE MEDICINE MAN WANTS YOU!

4 HOURS LATER, AFTER A WEARY TREK THROUGH THE DENSE JUNGLE...

WE'VE BEEN HEADING DUE SOUTH --- RIGHT INTO TERRITORY MARKED "UNEXPLORED" ON OUR MAPS! AND THAT MEANS NO WHITE MAN EVER CAME OUT OF THIS PART OF THE JUNGLE ALIVE TO TALK ABOUT IT---AND CERTAINLY NO WHITE MAN WOULD EVER **STAY** HERE TO BECOME A MEDICINE-MAN!

BUT THE NATIVES **MUST** HAVE BEEN RIGHT ABOUT A WHITE MEDICINE-MAN BEING HERE---OR ELSE HOW COULD THEY HAVE LEARNED BROKEN ENGLISH?



GREAT GUNS... HE IS A WHITE MAN!

AWH---AT LAST---I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT WHEN MY NATIVE SCOUTS TOLD ME THAT TWO WHITE "HERB-PICKERS" WERE NEARBY!



FOR YEARS, I'VE BEEN HANGING ONTO LIFE BY SHEER WILL POWER, HOPING FOR SOME BOTANISTS FROM CIVILIZATION TO COME ALONG! NOW I---SIMON MCBANE---CAN LET MYSELF DIE!

WHAT... SIMON MCBANE?

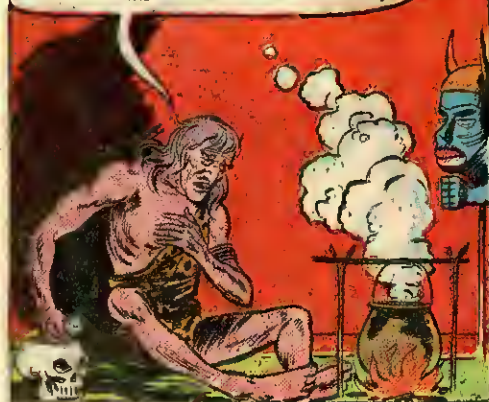
BUT---BUT YOU CAN'T BE **THE** SIMON MCBANE ---THE GREAT BOTANIST WHO VANISHED IN THE JUNGLES 30 YEARS AGO!

YES---MY WHOLE EXPEDITION PERISHED OF A DEADLY TROPICAL DISEASE---BUT I WAS NURSED BACK TO HEALTH WITH THE AID OF STRANGE HERBS AND OCCULT RITES ADMINISTERED BY THIS VILLAGE'S MEDICINE MAN! AND WHEN I SAW THAT THERE WERE THINGS TO LEARN HERE FAR BEYOND THE PUNY REACHES OF CIVILIZED SCIENCE---FAR BEYOND THE BOUNDS OF THE GREAT **UNKNOWN**---I BECAME HIS PUPIL AND TOOK OVER AFTER HE DIED! SINCE THEN COMBINING SCIENCE WITH SORcery I'VE LEARNED THINGS NO MORTAL EVER KNEW---THE SECRET OF ETERNAL LIFE, OF---



OH--- **MY HEART!** THE EXCITEMENT---OF YOUR COMING---HAS BROUGHT MY END NEARER! I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME---I MUST TELL YOU **NOW!**

IN THIS BOTTLE---ARE SEALED INSTRUCTIONS---AND THE SEED---WHICH YOU ARE TO PLANT WHEN YOU RETURN TO CIVILIZATION! MY NATIVES---COULDN'T HAVE FOLLOWED---MY COMPLICATED BOTANICAL DIRECTIONS---BUT I KNOW THAT **YOU** WILL CARRY THEM OUT---**EXACTLY** AS I HAVE WRITTEN THEM!



A SEED? WHAT KIND OF SEED?

YOU WILL... HAVE TO WAIT TO SEE IT... FOR I MUST HOLD IT IN MY HAND AT THE MOMENT OF MY DEATH... SO THAT MY SPIRIT CAN ENTER INTO IT! AFTER I DIE... TAKE IT FROM ME... AND MY NATIVES WILL GUIDE YOU BACK TO THE NEAREST OUTPOST OF CIVILIZATION!

REALLY, ME BANE... YOU CAN'T ACTUALLY BELIEVE THAT YOUR SPIRIT CAN ENTER A SEED!

THE HUMAN SPIRIT... IS A STRANGE ETHEREAL ELEMENT! WHEN ITS... MORTAL RECEPTACLE DIES, IT IMMEDIATELY SEEKS DESPERATELY ABOUT... FOR A NEW HOME! UNLESS SUCH A HAVEN... HAS BEEN PREVIOUSLY PREPARED FOR THE SPIRIT AND IS CLOSE AT HAND... THE HUMAN ESSENCE EVAPORATES INTO THE ETHER... AND IS LOST FOREVER! AND THIS SEED HAS BEEN STEEPED... IN ALL THE SECRET RITUAL BREWS OF A'KA'GAR! BUT YOU... CANNOT KNOW OF SUCH THINGS... YOU ARE UNINITIATED!

AND YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND! WHAT ON EARTH MAKES YOU THINK WE'LL FOLLOW YOUR INSTRUCTIONS, OR EVEN PLANT THE SEED?

YOUR... CURIOSITY WILL FORCE YOU... TO FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS! YOU WILL BE SO IMPATIENT... TO LEARN WHAT MYSTERIOUS KIND OF PLANT... WILL EMERGE FROM THE SEED... THAT...

AARGHHHH!
PROFESSOR ME BANE!

IS... IS HE...?

YES... THE EXCITEMENT WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIS HEART! WELL, I GUESS THE LEAST WE CAN DO FOR THE POOR OLD BOY NOW IS CARRY OUT HIS DYING WISHES ABOUT THE SEED!

ARTHUR... YOU CAN'T MEAN YOU'RE ACTUALLY GOING TO OBEY THAT MADMAN'S RAVING WISHES!

ME BANE HAD A GREAT MIND SYLVIA... EVEN THOUGH IT MIGHT HAVE BECOME A LITTLE WARPED AT THE END! I'VE GOT TO PLANT THE SEED, JUST TO SEE WHAT WILL HAPPEN! IT'S LIKE HE SAID!

DAYS LATER...

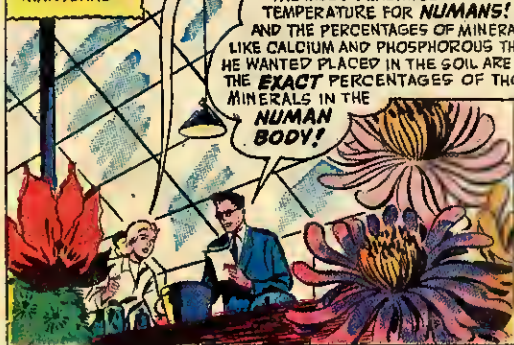
WELL, ME BANE'S NATIVES FOLLOWED HIS ORDERS ABOUT GUIDING US BACK TO THE NEAREST OUTPOST... BUT I WISH YOU WOULDN'T BE SO OBEDIENT, ARTHUR! THE MAH WAS UTTERLY MAD... HE SAID HE HAD THE SECRET OF ETERNAL LIFE, AND YET HE DIED! AND THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THAT SEED WILL GROW INTO!

THAT'S WHAT'S GOT ME SO IMPATIENT WITH CURIOSITY! I CAN'T WAIT TO GET BACK TO OUR GREENHOUSE IN THE STATES TO PLANT IT!

**WEEKS
LATER, BACK
IN THE WAYNES'
BOTANICAL
GREENHOUSE IN
MARYLAND...**

SO YOU'RE
ACTUALLY
GOING THROUGH
WITH IT!

YES... SAY, THIS IS STRANGE!
MCBANE'S INSTRUCTIONS
CALL FOR KEEPING THE
PLANT AT A CONSTANT
TEMPERATURE OF 70°...
THE MOST HEALTHFUL
TEMPERATURE FOR **HUMANS!**
AND THE PERCENTAGES OF MINERALS
LIKE CALCIUM AND PHOSPHOROUS THAT
HE WANTED PLACED IN THE SOIL ARE
THE **EXACT PERCENTAGES OF THOSE
MINERALS IN THE
HUMAN
BODY!**



WELL, I'LL JUST FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS
EXACTLY... AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!
HERE GOES! THE SEED'S PLANTED!

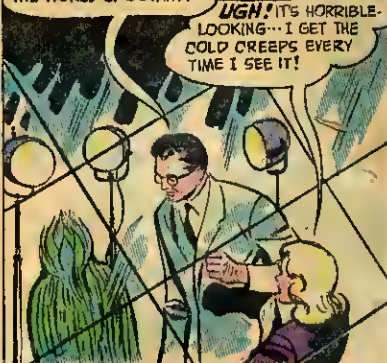


**TIME PASSES... BOUNTIFUL MOTHER NATURE TAKES HER COURSE!
ALL OVER THE EARTH, GREEN THINGS SPROUT AND GROW... WHEAT IN
THE UKRAINE, EVERGREENS IN NORWAY... AND STRANGE FRUIT
IN A MARYLAND GREENHOUSE!**



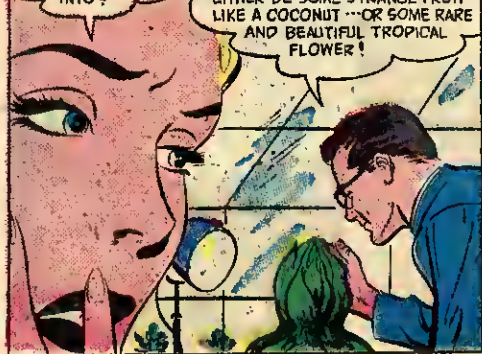
IT'S COMING ALONG **WONDERFULLY**, ISN'T IT,
DARLING? I DON'T MIND SPENDING TIME
CARING FOR IT... IT'S SUCH A RADICALLY NEW
SPECIES THAT IT'LL MAKE US **FAMOUS** IN
THE WORLD OF BOTANY!

**UGH! IT'S HORRIBLE-
LOOKING... I GET THE
COLD CREEPS EVERY
TIME I SEE IT!**



AND THAT... THAT
TUMOROUS GROWTH
ON TOP OF THE TRUNK
...WHAT ON EARTH
WILL **THAT** TURN
INTO?

WE'LL FIND OUT IN FOUR MONTHS
... ACCORDING TO MCBANE'S
WRITTEN TIME SCHEDULE, THAT'S
WHEN IT'LL BLOOM AND THE BUD
WILL OPEN! IT'LL PROBABLY
EITHER BE SOME STRANGE FRUIT
LIKE A COCONUT... OR SOME RARE
AND BEAUTIFUL TROPICAL
FLOWER!



AND THAT REMINDS ME... MCBANE'S INSTRUCTIONS
CALL FOR A BATTERY OF ULTRA-VIOLET AND INFRARED
LAMPS TO BE FOCUSED ON THE PLANT EVERY
NIGHT FOR THE FINAL FOUR MONTHS... AND I'LL HAVE
TO START USING THEM **NOW!** ALL THESE LAMPS
ADD UP TO THOUSANDS OF WATTS... I HOPE WE
DON'T GET A SHORT CIRCUIT WHEN I TURN
THEM ON!



NO, IT DIDN'T BLOW A FUSE--- BUT I'M GOING TO! THOUSANDS OF WATTS BURNING AWAY FROM SUNSET TO SUNRISE FOR FOUR MONTHS--- JUST **THINK** OF OUR ELECTRIC BILL! WE---WE SIMPLY WON'T BE ABLE TO AFFORD IT!



WE'VE **GOT** TO AFFORD IT! THE FAME THIS PLANT WILL BRING US IS WORTH **ANY** SACRIFICE!

BUT HOURS LATER...

HE'S ASLEEP---HE'LL NEVER KNOW I SNEAKED DOWN HERE TO TURN THOSE LAMPS OFF! I CAN'T SEE THROWING HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS AWAY ON A MANIAC'S RAVING DREAM---AND I'LL DO THIS EVERY NIGHT FOR THE NEXT FOUR MONTHS! AND SINCE I ALWAYS GET UP FIRST IN THE MORNING, I CAN ALWAYS SAY I TURNED THEM OFF WHEN I AWAKE!



I WONDER WHAT EFFECT THIS WILL HAVE ON THE PLANT---I HOPE IT **KILLS** IT!...**OH!**!---I SEEM TO FEEL A **THROBBING** WITHIN THE TRUNK---LIKE---LIKE THE PULSING OF A **HEART**! IT---IT MUST BE MY IMAGINATION!



FOUR MONTHS LATER...

ARTHUR---ISN'T THE PLANT'S BUD SUPPOSED TO BLOOM TONIGHT?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO REMIND ME, SYLVIA--- I'VE BEEN IMPATIENTLY WAITING FOR THIS NIGHT FOR **MONTHS**! AS SOON AS I FINISH GOING THROUGH THIS AFTERNOON'S MAIL, I'LL GO DOWN TO THE GREENHOUSE AND START MY VIGIL!



STRANGE---THIS **ELECTRIC BILL**---IT'S **TOO LITTLE**! THE BATTERY OF GREENHOUSE LAMPS **CAN'T** BE INCLUDED IN IT! **SYLVIA**---WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS?

WELL, NOW THAT THE FOUR MONTHS ARE UP, I GUESS I CAN TELL YOU! AFTER YOU WERE ASLEEP EACH NIGHT, I WENT DOWN AND TURNED OFF ALL THE LAMPS---BECAUSE...

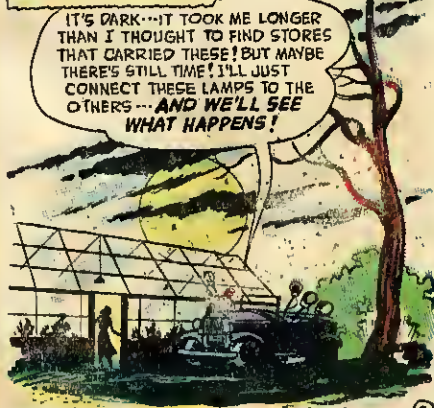


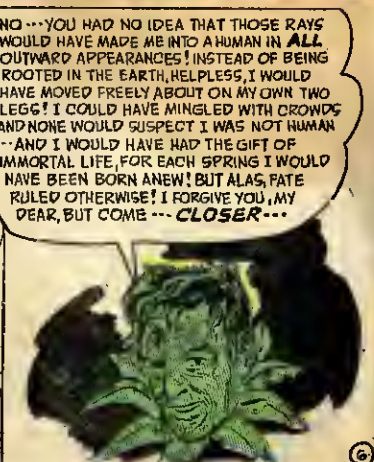
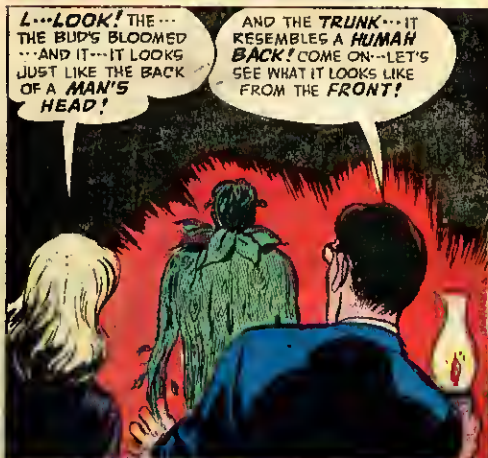
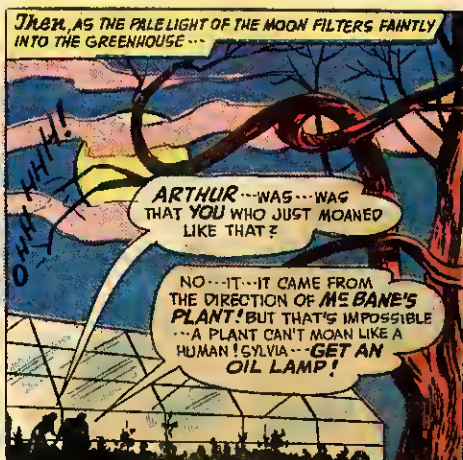
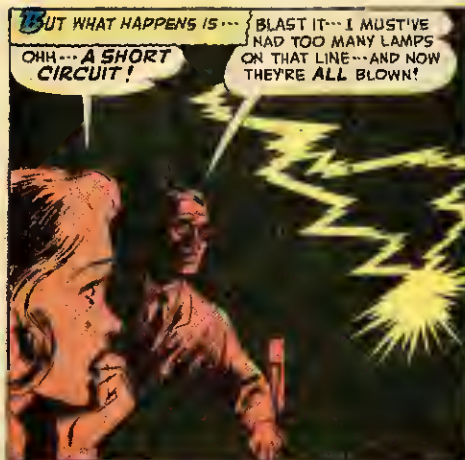
HOW **COULD** YOU HAVE DONE THAT---FOR **ANY** REASON? THE PLANT MIGHT NOT BLOOM AT ALL NOW! I'LL HAVE TO GO INTO TOWN AND GET SOME MORE D-V AND J-K LAMPS---PERHAPS IF I PUT A HUGE BATTERY ON TONIGHT, IT'LL MAKE UP A LITTLE BIT FOR ALL THE NIGHTS IT DIDN'T HAVE **ANY**!



TWO HOURS LATER...

IT'S DARK---IT TOOK ME LONGER THAN I THOUGHT TO FIND STORES THAT CARRIED THESE! BUT MAYBE THERE'S STILL TIME! I'LL JUST CONNECT THESE LAMPS TO THE OTHERS---AND WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS!





SYLVIA STEPS NEARER...AND SUDDENLY, WITH THE SWIFTESS OF A STRIKING PYTHON...

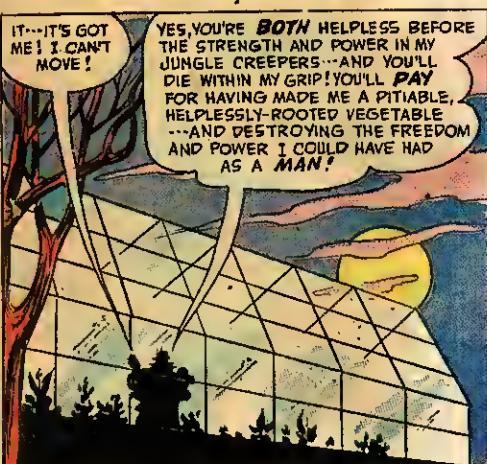
YES, NEARER...NEARER...
INTO THE RANGE OF MY
CREEPERS!

OHHH!



IT...IT'S GOT
ME! I CAN'T
MOVE!

YES, YOU'RE **BOTH** HELPLESS BEFORE
THE STRENGTH AND POWER IN MY
JUNGLE CREEPERS...AND YOU'LL
DIE WITHIN MY GRIP! YOU'LL **PAY**
FOR HAVING MADE ME A PITIABLE,
HELPLESSLY-ROOTED VEGETABLE
...AND DESTROYING THE FREEDOM
AND POWER I COULD HAVE HAD
AS A **MAN**!



**AS THE CREEPERS
SLOWLY TIGHTEN...**

CRUSHING ME
...HARD TO...
BREATHE...

WE'RE
GONERS...
UNLESS...

OHHH!



SYLVIA!
SHE...SHE
FAINTED!

NOW I CAN RELEASE HER
...AND GIVE MY UNDIVIDED
ATTENTION TO **YOU**!
SHE'LL COME LATER!



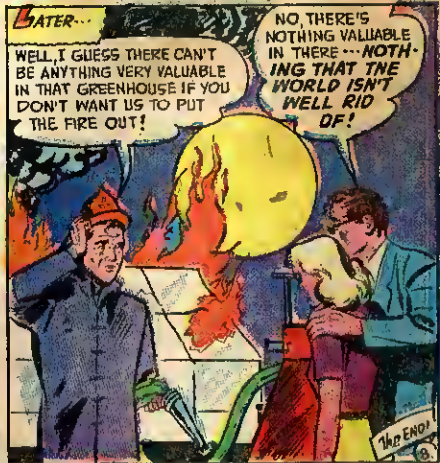
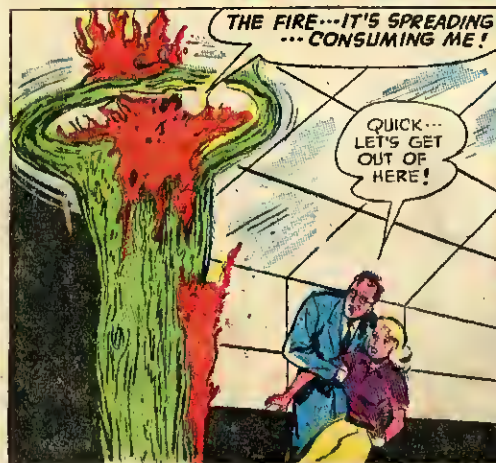
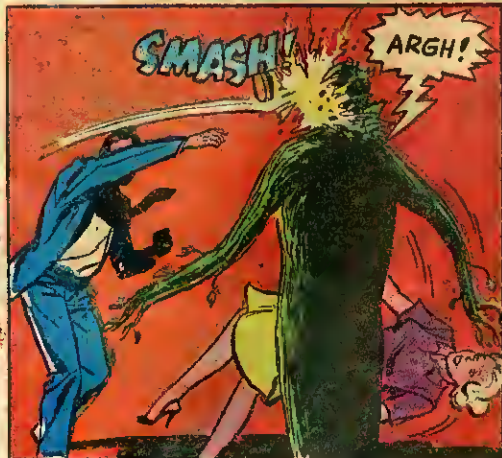
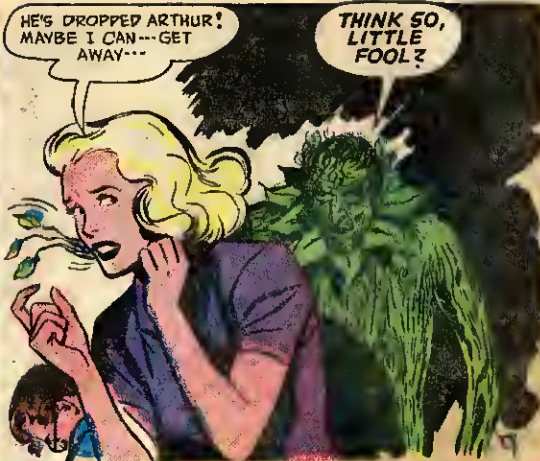
ARGH!

IT WORKED...
HE DOESN'T
NOTICE
ME!



NOW IF I CAN USE THIS
FIRE-AXE...**BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE...**





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ahead of everything!*

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The HAUNTED LIGHTHOUSE

THE SUDDEN howling of the wind made Harriet shudder with a strange, nameless dread. Wrapping her robe around her, she got out of bed and went to the window to fasten the clacking shutter that had somehow worked loose during the night. But when she stretched her hand through the open window into the clammy night air, fumbling for the shutter, she was suddenly transfixed with horror as her hand touched something cold and slimy...something that was *alive*!

In a frenzy of fear, she withdrew her hand, shrank away from the window. Feeling the strong tides of hysteria welling up within her, Harriet tried to control herself...she must have been mistaken, there was nothing beyond that window but the sheer 200-foot drop of the lighthouse, and nothing below it but the storm-tossed seas beating savagely on the jagged reefs. There could be nothing human outside her window, she fiercely told herself...nothing alive could have climbed that sheer lighthouse wall!

Then...then what was that...that *thing* taking shape on the window-ledge? Harriet's eyes dilated in terror as she saw the two corpse-white hands reach up from below and grab the ledge. Her blood seemed to freeze within her, as the hands were followed by two slimy arms, entangled in seaweed...as if some nameless being from the depths had climbed the lighthouse wall and was now pulling itself up into the room.

Harriet didn't wait to see any more...but fled in utter panic out of the room, down...down the

spiralling staircase until she reeled dizzily and had to pause for breath. Oh, why...why had she let her husband accept this job of keeper of a lighthouse which had already sent three men plunging to their deaths as suicides on the jagged rocks below the tower...and why had she let John take the launch into town for supplies on this very first night they were there?

But she had no time for such idle regrets...that...that *thing* might be coming down the stairway after her right this moment. Fear lent wings to her feet, and she fairly flew down the last remaining steps leading to the lighthouse door. But there she paused, for the door was slowly opening...and two corpse-white hands were reaching towards her...hands that trailed seaweed!

Harriet shrieked...and awoke!

When she realized it had all been a nightmare, probably brought on by the fact that she was all alone in the strange lighthouse, she tried laughing at her foolish fears...but the sudden howling of the wind made Harriet shudder with a strange, nameless dread. Wrapping her robe around her, she got out of bed and went to the window to fasten the clacking shutter that had somehow worked loose during the night. But when she stretched her hand through the open window into the clammy night air, fumbling for the shutter, she was suddenly transfixed with horror as her hand touched something cold and slimy...something that was *alive*!

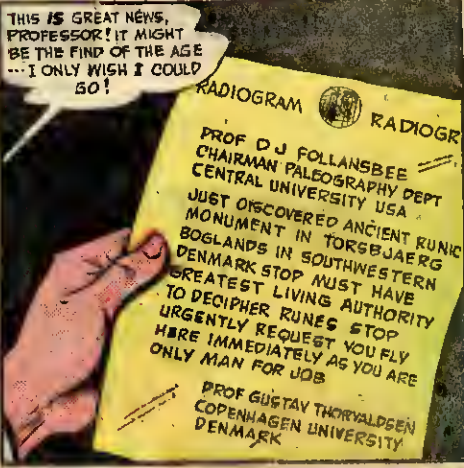


GOTHs...THE NAME THAT STRUCK TERROR IN THE HEARTS OF EUROPEANS FROM THE BALTIC TO ASIA-MINOR 1500 YEARS AGO! FOR THESE WERE THE WILD AND TERRIBLE TRIBESMEN WHO RAVAGED AND CONQUERED EVEN THE MIGHTY ROMAN EMPIRE! NO CAESAR COULD EVER SUBDUCE THAT SAVAGE, WARLIKE RACE AS LONG AS THEY LIVED...AND HERE'S A CHALLENGING STORY OF HOW THEIR FIGHTING HOSTS ROSE FROM THE DEAD...TO WREAK A GHOSTLY VENGEANCE ON A MODERN-DAY TYRANT!



HELLO, PROFESSOR... YOUR MESSAGE SOUNDED RATHER URGENT! I DROPPED THAT RUNIC TRANSLATION I WAS WORKING ON AND GOT HERE AS SOON AS I COULD! ANYTHING WRONG?

NO, NOTHING WRONG, CHARLES... JUST SOME **GREAT NEWS!** AND I'M GLAD YOU BROUGHT YOUR WIFE WITH YOU...HERE, READ THIS RADIOGRAM I JUST RECEIVED!



THIS IS GREAT NEWS, PROFESSOR! IT MIGHT BE THE FIND OF THE AGE... I ONLY WISH I COULD GO!

RADIOGRAM RADIOGRAM
PROF. D. J. FOLLANSBEE
 CHAIRMAN PALEOGRAPHY DEPT.
 CENTRAL UNIVERSITY USA
 JUST DISCOVERED ANCIENT RUNIC
 MONUMENT IN TORSSBJAERG
 BOGLANDS IN SOUTHWESTERN
 DENMARK STOP MUST HAVE
 GREATEST LIVING AUTHORITY
 TO DECIPHER RUNES STOP
 URGENTLY REQUEST YOU FLY
 HERE IMMEDIATELY AS YOU ARE
 ONLY MAN FOR JOB
PROF. GUSTAV THORSVALDSEN
 COPENHAGEN UNIVERSITY
 DENMARK

BUT YOU **CAN** GO, CHARLES! AT 70, I'M TOO OLD TO GO WANDERING AROUND IN ANY BOGLANDS...AND SO I ALREADY WIRED THORVALDSEN THAT I WAS SENDING THE **BEST** LIVING AUTHORITY ON RUNIC INSCRIPTIONS...**DR. CHARLES WENTWORTH!** YOU'RE MY PROTEGE, CHARLES...THE MOST BRILLIANT STUDENT I EVER HAD! I'VE TAUGHT YOU EVERYTHING I KNOW...AND NOW YOU WILL HAVE THE HONOR OF DECIPHERING THIS GREAT NEW FIND!



IT...IT IS A GREAT HONOR, PROFESSOR...THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME! BUT THERE'S BLANCHE, HERE...I DON'T WANT TO BE SEPARATED FROM HER!

YOU WON'T BE, DARLING...BECAUSE I'M GOING WITH YOU! I WON'T LET YOU PASS UP THIS WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY...AND NO OLD BOGLANDS ARE GOING TO KEEP ME FROM YOUR SIDE! COME ON...**LET'S START PACKING!**



BLANCHE! YOU DON'T INTEND TAKING THAT RIDICULOUS PORTABLE PHONOGRAPH ALONG, DO YOU?

I MOST CERTAINLY **DO!** WHILE YOU'RE OUT PUTTERING AMONG THOSE RUINED RUNES, I INTEND TO HAVE **SOMETHING** THAT'LL HELP PASS AWAY THE TIME!



ER...EXACTLY WHAT **ARE** RUNES, CHARLES?

IT'S THE OLDEST FORM OF GOTHIC WRITING, FIRST USED IN DENMARK BY THE ANCIENT HERULI TRIBE IN THE 3RD CENTURY...AFTER WHICH IT SPREAD ALL OVER NORTHERN EUROPE AND EVEN INTO ENGLAND! THE RUNES SOON CAME TO BE USED FOR **MAGICAL** PURPOSES AND INSCRIPTIONS...ESPECIALLY IN THE TORSBJAERG BOGLANDS, WHERE THE **SPIRITS** WERE SAID TO DWELL!



DENMARK...

YOU ARE DR. CHARLES WENTWORTH? BUT...BUT HOW CAN YOU BE SUCH A GREAT RUNIC AUTHORITY WHEN YOU ARE SO YOUNG?

THIS LETTER OF INTRODUCTION WILL CONVINCE YOU OF MY ABILITIES, PROF. THORVALDSEN! I MAY BE YOUNG IN AGE, BUT I'M AS OLD AS METHUSELAH WHEN IT COMES TO DECIPHERING RUNES!



HMM...EVEN IF YOU ARE **HALF** AS GOOD AS HE SAYS, YOU'LL DO A BETTER JOB ON THE TRANSLATION THAN ANY OF **US** CAN DO! COME...I WILL TAKE YOU TO THE PARTY OF DANISH WOODSMEN WHO WILL GUIDE YOU THROUGH THE TORSBJAERG BOGLANDS TO THE MONUMENT!



NEXT DAY...

SO **THESE** ARE THE TORSBJAERG BOGLANDS...THE **CRADLE OF THE RUNES!**

I...I WISH YOU HADN'T TOLD ME THAT **SPIRITS** ARE SAID TO DWELL HERE, CHARLES! MAYBE I...I WOULDN'T HAVE SUCH A STRANGE, CREEPY FEELING ABOUT THIS GLOOMY OLD SWAMP!





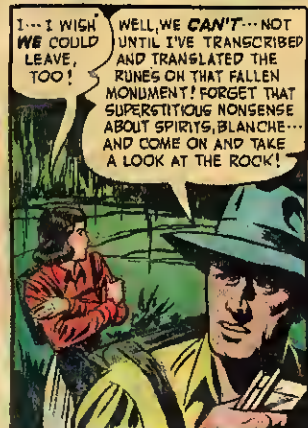
FINALLY... THERE IS THE FALLEN ROCK WE STUMBLED ON! THIS HAS BEEN A DRY SEASON... THE BOGS HAVE SUBSIDED... REVEALING THE ANCIENT FACE OF THE STONE! BUT WE LEAVE NOW... PERHAPS THE MONUMENT OF THE DEAD WAS NOT **MEANT** TO BE REVEALED!



OH... DON'T... DON'T LEAVE US **NOW!**

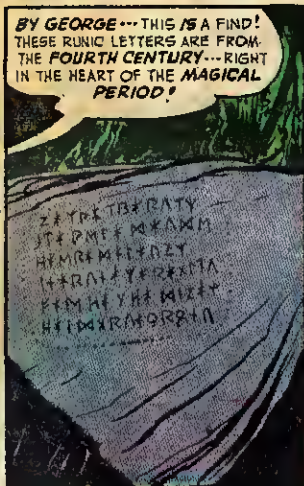
WHY MUST YOU GO? SURELY YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF A COLD, UNLIVING **ROCK?**

NO... BUT WE FEAR THE COLD, HALF-LIVING **SPIRITS** THAT LEGENDS SAY **PROTECT** THAT ROCK! WE DARE NOT SPEND THE NIGHT HERE... TOMORROW WE RETURN FOR YOU! **FAREWELL...** AND MAY THE SPIRITS NOT MOLEST YOU!

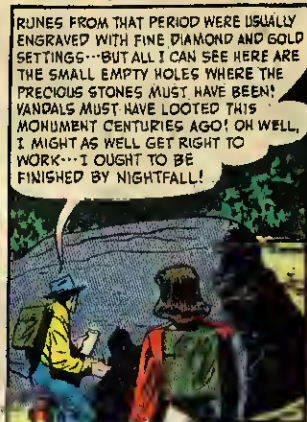


I... I WISH WE COULD LEAVE, TOO!

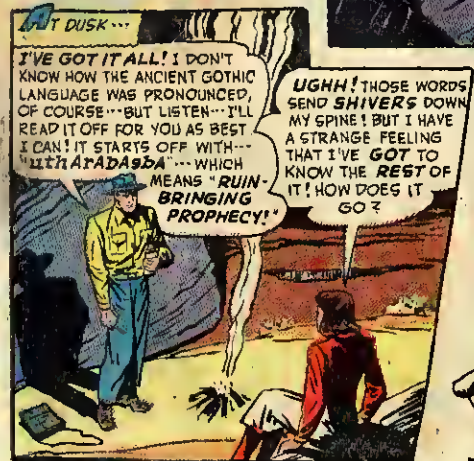
WELL, WE **CAN'T**... NOT UNTIL I'VE TRANSCRIBED AND TRANSLATED THE RUNES ON THAT FALLEN MONUMENT! FORGET THAT SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE ABOUT SPIRITS, BLANCHE... AND COME ON AND TAKE A LOOK AT THE ROCK!



BY GEORGE... THIS IS A FIND! THESE RUNIC LETTERS ARE FROM THE **FOURTH CENTURY**... RIGHT IN THE HEART OF THE **MAGICAL PERIOD!**



RUNES FROM THAT PERIOD WERE USUALLY ENGRAVED WITH FINE DIAMOND AND GOLD SETTINGS... BUT ALL I CAN SEE HERE ARE THE SMALL EMPTY HOLES WHERE THE PRECIOUS STONES MUST HAVE BEEN! VANDALS MUST HAVE LOOTED THIS MONUMENT CENTURIES AGO! OH WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL GET RIGHT TO WORK... I OUGHT TO BE FINISHED BY NIGHTFALL!

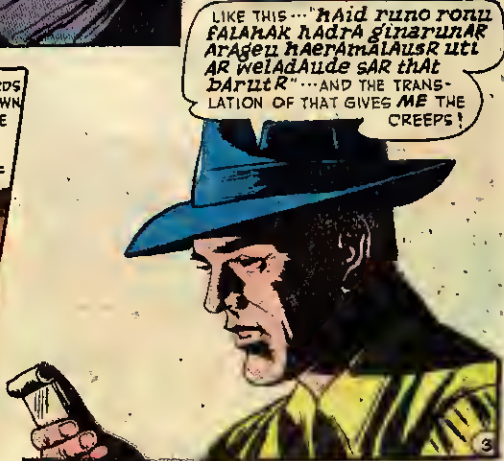


AT DUSK...

I'VE GOT IT ALL! I DON'T KNOW HOW THE ANCIENT GOTHIC LANGUAGE WAS PRONOUNCED, OF COURSE... BUT LISTEN... I'LL READ IT OFF FOR YOU AS BEST I CAN! IT STARTS OFF WITH... **withArAdasba**... WHICH

MEANS **"RUIN-BRINGING PROPHECY!"**

UGHH! THOSE WORDS SEND **SHIVERS** DOWN MY SPINE! BUT I HAVE A STRANGE FEELING THAT I'VE **GOT** TO KNOW THE **REST** OF IT! HOW DOES IT GO?



LIKE THIS... **"haid runo ronul falamak hadra giburuar aragen haerAmalausr utl ar weladaude sar that barut"**... AND THE TRANSLATION OF THAT GIVES ME THE **CREEPS!**

WHAT IT BOILS DOWN TO IS--
"THIS IS THE SECRET
MEANING OF THE RUNES"
...I HID HERE POWER-RUNES,
UNDISTURBED BY EVIL
WITCHCRAFT...IN EXILE
SHALL HE DIE BY MEANS
OF MAGIC ART WHO
DESTROYS THIS
MONUMENT!"

GOOD GOSH! I
WONDER WHY THEY
LEFT A CURSE LIKE
THAT?

PROBABLY TO
SCARE VANDALS
AWAY FROM LOOTING
THE PRECIOUS STONES
AND GOLD ON THE
MONUMENT--BUT IT
DIDN'T SEEM TO
HELP IN THIS
CASE!

WELL, IT SCARES ME AWAY! I'D
HATE TO BE THE ONE WHO
SACKED THE MONUMENT--
WITH THAT TERRIBLE CURSE
HANGING OVER MY HEAD!
MAYBE A HARRY JAMES RECORD
ON MY PHONOGRAPH WILL HELP
ME SHAKE OFF THAT EERIE FEEL-
ING...OF SOMETHING'S *UNCANNY*
ABOUT TO HAPPEN!

AH! THIS IS MORE LIKE IT!
I MUST HAVE HEARD THAT
RECORD A HUNDRED TIMES
...BUT HARRY'S TRUMPET
NEVER SOUNDED SO SWEET
BEFORE!

SUDDENLY...IN
HOLLOW, SEPULCHRAL
TONES AND THE TRUM-
PET ARPEGGIOS THAT
EMANATE FROM THE
RECORD...

CHARLES
...LISTEN!

GREAT SCOTT...
THOSE SOUNDS
SEEM TO BE
COMING FROM THE
RECORD! NO...WAIT
...THEY'RE MORE
THAN MERE SOUNDS
...I CAN HARDLY
BELIEVE MY EARS!

haid ruuo tonu
falanak hAdra...

I CAN'T BE SURE OF IT, BUT IT SOUNDS
LIKE THAT *RUNK CURSE* ...SPOKEN
IN THE ANCIENT, ORIGINAL GOTHIC
TONGUE! THERE'S NO TELLING HOW IT
GOT ON THE RECORD--BUT THIS IS
A PRICELESS CHANCE TO LEARN EX-
ACTLY HOW THAT LONG-DEAD LANGUAGE
WAS SPOKEN! I'M GOING TO PLAY IT
OVER AGAIN AND REPEAT THOSE
WORDS THE WAY THAT VOICE IS
PRONOUNCING THEM...
SO THAT I'LL REMEMBER
EVERY SOUND OF IT!

NO, CHARLES...
DON'T--PLEASE
TURN IT OFF!

hAdra
ginarunAR
ArAgzu...

I'VE GOT TO BLANCHE--THERE'S
NO TELLING WHEN THE VOICE WILL STOP
SPEAKING--AND I'LL HAVE MISSED THE
CHANCE OF A LIFETIME! SHHH...*haid
ruuo tonu falanak hAdra...*

AND AS
CHARLES PRO-
NOUNCES THE LAST
WORDS OF THE
ANCIENT, MAGICAL
CURSE...

"...SAR THAT
BARUTR!"

...SAR
THAT
BARUTR!

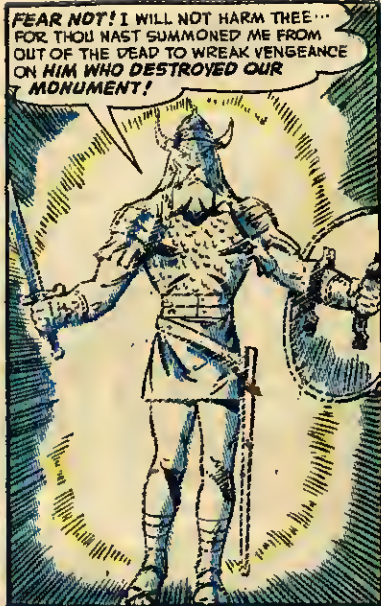
OHH...THAT
...THAT
GHOSTLY
LIGHT!

haid ruuo tonu
falanak hAdra...
ZZZZZZ

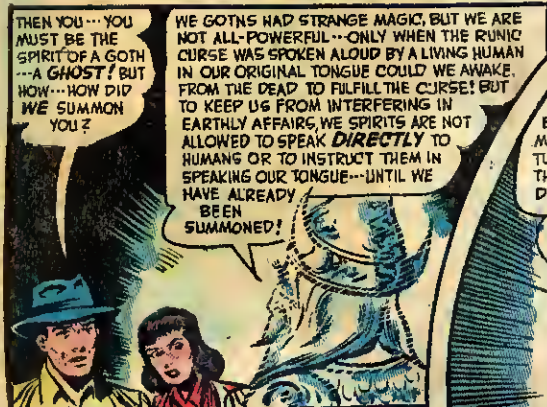


**SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF THE
BLACKNESS OF THE FOREST
NIGHT...**

**GET...
GET
BACK...
WHATEVER
YOU
ARE!**



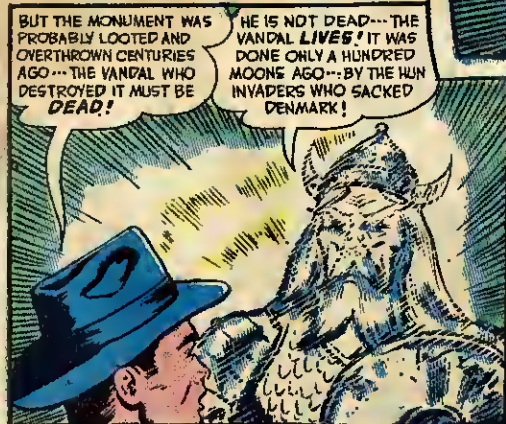
**FEAR NOT! I WILL NOT HARM THEE...
FOR THOU HAST SUMMONED ME FROM
OUT OF THE DEAD TO WREAK VENGEANCE
ON HIM WHO DESTROYED OUR
MONUMENT!**



**THEN YOU... YOU
MUST BE THE
SPIRIT OF A GOTH
...A GHOST! BUT
HOW... HOW DID
WE SUMMON
YOU?**

**WE GOTNS HAD STRANGE MAGIC, BUT WE ARE
NOT ALL-POWERFUL... ONLY WHEN THE RUNIC
CURSE WAS SPOKEN ALOUD BY A LIVING HUMAN
IN OUR ORIGINAL TONGUE COULD WE AWAKE.
FROM THE DEAD TO FULFILL THE CURSE! BUT
TO KEEP US FROM INTERFERING IN
EARTHLY AFFAIRS, WE SPIRITS ARE NOT
ALLOWED TO SPEAK DIRECTLY TO
HUMANS OR TO INSTRUCT THEM IN
SPEAKING OUR TONGUE... UNTIL WE
HAVE ALREADY
BEEN
SUMMONED!**

**AND SO WHEN I HEARD THY STRANGE MUSIC-
MACHINE, I KNEW THAT THE FATES HAD SENT
THEE TO AID US IN CARRYING OUT THE RUIN-
BRINGING PROPHECY! FOR BY MEANS OF PLACING
MY WORDS ON THAT ROUND BLACK DISC THAT
TURNS, I WAS ABLE TO TELL THEE HOW TO SPEAK
THE SUMMONING WORDS... WHILE NOT SPEAKING
DIRECTLY TO THEE! AND NOW THAT I HAVE
MATERIALIZED... I WILL EXACT VENGE-
ANCE!**



**BUT THE MONUMENT WAS
PROBABLY LOOTED AND
OVERTHROWN CENTURIES
AGO... THE VANDAL WHO
DESTROYED IT MUST BE
DEAD!**

**HE IS NOT DEAD... THE
VANDAL LIVES! IT WAS
DONE ONLY A HUNDRED
MOONS AGO... BY THE HUN
INVADERS WHO SACKED
DENMARK!**



**WHY, THAT WOULD BE
BACK IN THE EARLY
1940'S... WHEN THE
NAZIS INVADDED
DENMARK! THAT'S
WHOM YOU MEAN
BY THE HUNS!**

**AYE... AND THE EVILDOER WHO
DESTROYED THE MONUMENT
STILL LIVES... IN EXILE, AS THE
PROPHECY PREDICTED! THERE HE
BUILDS ANOTHER ARMY TO
WREAK MORE EVIL ON THE
WORLD... AND THERE WE
GO... TO WREAK
REVENGE!**

WE
GO? WH-
WHOM DO
YOU MEAN.
BY WE?

MY COHORTS---AND THOU! WE HAVE NO
EARTHLY BODIES, AND SO WE CAN NOT
TRAVEL OVER THE EARTH---BUT WHEN
WE ARE IN CONTACT WITH LIVING
HUMANS, THEN DO THE FORCES OF
THE LIVING AND THE DEAD MERGE---
AND WE CAN COVER VAST DISTANCES
WITHIN A SINGLE BLINDING MOMENT! THAT

IS WHY YE MUST
COME WITH US
---TOUCH
MY HAND!

OH--YOUR--YOUR
TOUCH IS LIKE ICE
---AS COLD AS
DEATH ITSELF!
WHAT--WHAT ARE
YOU GOING TO DO
NOW?

WITH TWO WORDS I SUMMON MY
BRETHREN FROM THE VALLEY
OF THE SHADOWS---GLAWIS
RAIDA!

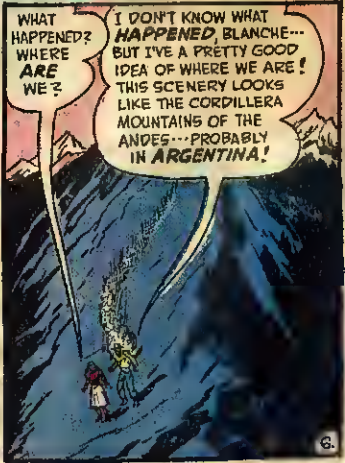


FROM OUT OF THE GREAT
UNKNOWN ITSELF...

CHARLES---
LOOK!

A GHOSTLY
ARMY OF
GOTHS!

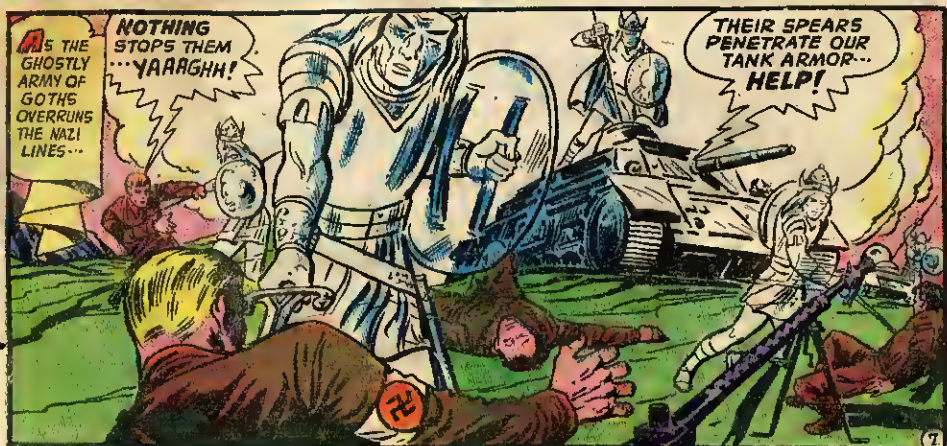
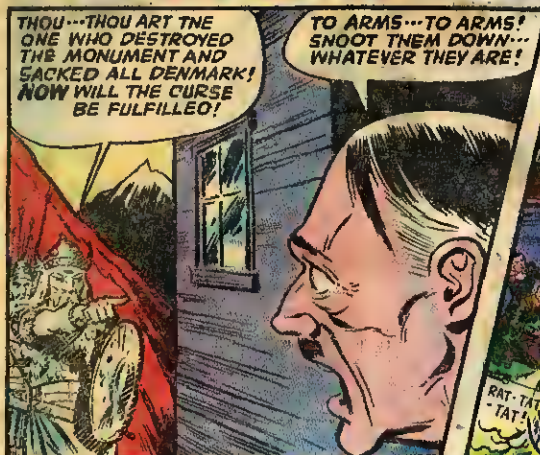
COME, BRETHREN---TOUCH
WEAPONS---SO THAT THE
CHAIN OF CONTACT TO THESE
HUMANS SHALL EXTEND EVEN TO
THE FURTHEST AMONG YE!
AND NOW, WITH THE UTTER-
ANCE OF THE MAGIC WORD, WE
JOURNEY TO OUR REVENGE!



WHAT
HAPPENED?
WHERE
ARE
WE?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED, BLANCHE---
BUT I'VE A PRETTY GOOD
IDEA OF WHERE WE ARE!
THIS SCENERY LOOKS
LIKE THE CORDILLERA
MOUNTAINS OF THE
ANDES---PROBABLY
IN ARGENTINA!

OOOF!



MY MEN...MY BEST
STORM-TROOPS...
ALL DEAD! BUT
AT LEAST I CAN
STILL ESCAPE!

IN EXILE SHALL HE DIE BY
MEANS OF MAGIC ART WHO
DESTROYED OUR MONUMENT!

ARGH!



THEY...THEY'RE
ALL DEAD...
BUT THERE'S
NOT A MARK
ON ANY OF
THEM! IS...IS
ALL THIS
REAL?

YES, HITLER WAS REAL...
HE'S STONE-DEAD NOW!

COME...OUR TASK IS
DONE! NOW CAN WE
RETURN TO OUR HOME-
LAND...AND REST
IN EVERLAST-
ING PEACE!



OOF!
WE'RE...
BACK
AGAIN!



THE GOTHS...THEY'VE
VANISHED! DID WE
REALLY SEE THEM
...DID ALL THIS
REALLY
HAPPEN?

YES, CHARLES...AND
THERE'S PROOF!
LOOK WHAT YOU STILL
HAVE IN YOUR HAND!



IT'S ON THE GROUND NOW...WHERE IT
BELONGS!...HONEY, I'VE ALWAYS
HEARD THAT GOOD EVENTUALLY TRIUMPHS
OVER EVIL...AND THIS TIME IT TOOK THE
SPIRITS OF THE UNKNOWN TO MAKE
SURE OF IT!



Announcing

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COLORFUL SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE
THAT YOU'LL REMEMBER FOREVER!



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HELLO there, all you "Adventures Into The Unknown" fans--and are we glad to see you this time! Fact is, we're practically busting with good news--the very news you've been waiting to hear! All set? Let's go, then! Effective with this issue, "Adventures Into The Unknown" becomes a monthly magazine!

Yes, we'll be publishing every month, now, instead of every two months, as previously. And it's all due to you--to the thousands of requests that have deluged us from the faithful readers whom we've striven to serve! You've wanted it--and now you've got it! And now it seems fitting that we take time out to thank you for your loyal and wholehearted support. For our part, we can do no less than pledge a steadfast continuance of the policies that have made "Adventures Into The Unknown" America's favorite magazine of the supernatural. As ever, we'll strive to bring you the best in spine-chilling stories of the great Unknown, brought into thrilling life by ace illustrators. Ghosts, werewolves, vampires, zombies--you'll meet them in gripping legion in

our future issues! And for your part, we ask only that you continue to accord us the splendid loyalty and support that you've shown in the past. Don't forget to buy this magazine every month now--and to urge your friends and relatives to do the same! Remember--we're counting on you!

And, as always, we're counting on your letters. For the new monthly "Adventures Into The Unknown" will continue to be your exclusive magazine, and it's up to you to make your tastes and preferences known to us. Always we desire to know what's up your alley and what you dislike, so that we can mould this magazine according to your expressed wishes. We've done this successfully up to the present time--we've put in just the brand of stories you've asked for, while deleting those which you didn't like--we've made our book a monthly because you were impatient over the waiting-time between issues--and we're going to keep up the good work! It's letters of the following type, to cite just a few, that have kept us toeing the mark--is yours among them?

"Dear Editor:-

I'm quite a fantasy fan--and that means a loyal fan of "Adventures Into The Unknown". One thing I like about your magazine is that it's original--and top! Another thing are your illustrations--they're wonderful! However, I wish you would publish more stories on ancient Egypt and reincarnation. I've noticed that lately, many strange, supernatural and science fiction comics have burst forth on the newsstands, but so far, none have been as fine as yours. Keep up the great work and I'll always be a loyal reader!

-Tom Greene, Cincinnati, Ohio"

"Dear Editor:-

I've recently become one of your readers--and never before was I so thrilled by a magazine! I think it's tops--keep up the good work! I hope you'll soon publish it monthly instead of bi-monthly!

-Carol Eversen, Marinette, Wis."

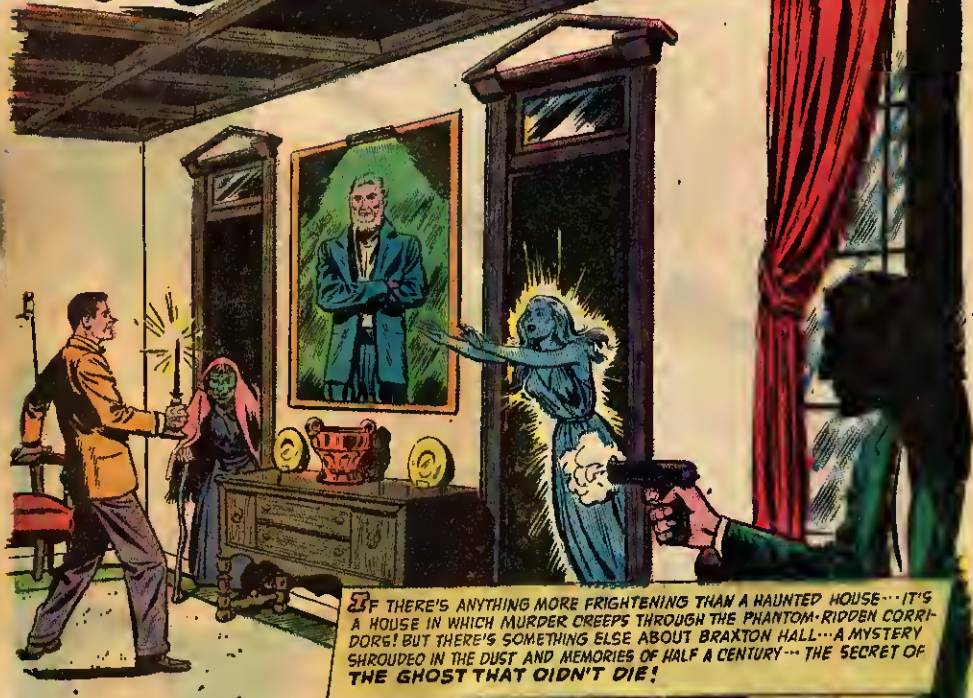
"Dear Editor:-

I operate a grocery store and don't find much time for entertainment--but when I have some spare time, I find no greater enjoyment than to read a copy of "Adventures Into The Unknown". I do not have any criticism to make on your magazine, because I don't see how the stories could be any better. But I would like to see a good zombie story in an early issue.

-J. D. Osborne, San Francisco, Cal."

REMEMBER--WE'RE WAITING TO HEAR FROM YOU!!

The GHOST *that didn't* DIE



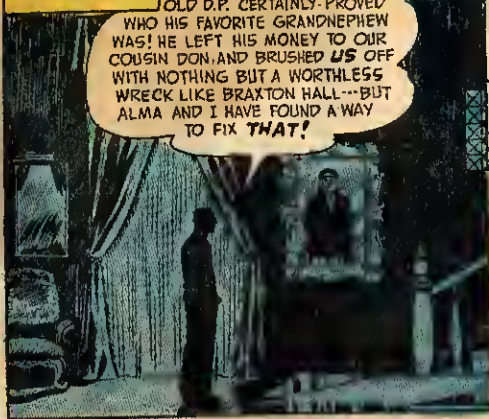
IF THERE'S ANYTHING MORE FRIGHTENING THAN A HAUNTED HOUSE... IT'S A HOUSE IN WHICH MURDER CREEPS THROUGH THE PHANTOM-RIDDEN CORRIDORS! BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE ABOUT BRAXTON HALL... A MYSTERY SHROUDED IN THE DUST AND MEMORIES OF HALF A CENTURY... THE SECRET OF THE GHOST THAT DIDN'T DIE!

Opden Whetney

LATE ONE NIGHT... IN THE MUFFLED STILLNESS OF BRAXTON HALL...

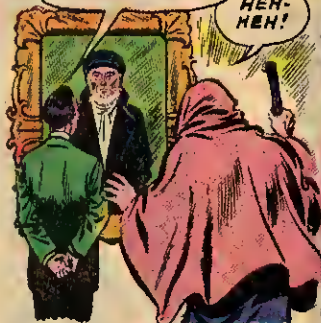
TOLD D.P. CERTAINLY PROVED WHO HIS FAVORITE GRANDNEPHEW WAS! HE LEFT HIS MONEY TO OUR COUSIN DON, AND BRUSHED US OFF WITH NOTHING BUT A WORTHLESS WRECK LIKE BRAXTON HALL... BUT ALMA AND I HAVE FOUND A WAY TO FIX THAT!

NO WONDER YOU LIKED DON... WHEN HE HAD THE SAME CRAZY IDEAS YOU HAD ABOUT SPENDING THE FAMILY FORTUNE ON NOBLE CAUSES! WELL, SUPPOSE ALMA AND I CAN PROVE DON'S CRAZY... SUPPOSE THINGS WORK OUT SO THAT WE'RE NAMED ADMINISTRATORS OF THE ESTATE... WHO'LL GET THE PEARSON MILLION THEN?



YES, DON ACTS LIKE YOU, D.P.---HE EVEN LOOKS LIKE YOU---AND IT'S A PITY YOU'RE NOT AROUND TO SAVE HIM FROM WHAT WE'VE GOT PLANNED! BUT YOU'RE DEAD, YOU OLD FOOL--- **DEAD AND IN YOUR GRAVE!**

HEH-HEH!



HEEE! HEH-HEH!

KEEP BACK--- ALWAYS HAD A FEELING THIS BAT ROOST WAS HAUNTED ---AND NOW I KNOW IT!



HAA. HA. HA!

---GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF, HARVEY---OR YOU'RE APT TO GO CRAZY BEFORE DON PEARSON EVEN GETS HERE!



ALMA! WHAT KIND OF STUPID PRANK IS THIS?

MY DEAR COUSIN HARVEY---AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW I DON'T WASTE MY TIME ON PRANKS! WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE I INVITED DON TO STAY WITH US AT BRAXTON HALL? WE WON'T HAVE TO PROVE HE'S CRAZY IF HE THINKS HE IS---AFTER SEEING ME PROWL THROUGH THE CORRIDORS IN THIS DISGUISE!

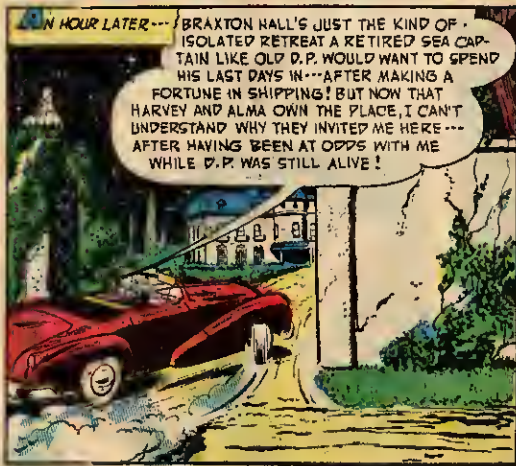


THERE'S NOTHING MORE GHOSTLY THAN PHOS-PHORESCENT PAINT, HARVEY---AND I HAVE A WHOLE GALLON OF IT IN MY ROOM! THAT'S ENOUGH TO GIVE MY DISGUISE A TERRIFYING GLOW FOR WEEKS ON END!

HA---IT WON'T TAKE THAT LONG! ALL DON WILL NEED IS A FEW GLIMPSES OF THE WAY YOU LOOKED JUST NOW! WE'LL TOP IT OFF BY HAVING YOU APPEAR WHEN DON AND I ARE TOGETHER! THAT'S WHEN HE'LL BE READY FOR A SANITARIUM---WHEN I LOOK STRAIGHT AT YOU, AND PRETEND I DON'T SEE ANYTHING!



AN HOUR LATER--- BRAXTON HALL'S JUST THE KIND OF ISOLATED RETREAT A RETIRED SEA CAPTAIN LIKE OLD D.P. WOULD WANT TO SPEND HIS LAST DAYS IN---AFTER MAKING A FORTUNE IN SHIPPING! BUT NOW THAT HARVEY AND ALMA OWN THE PLACE, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY INVITED ME HERE---AFTER HAVING BEEN AT ODDS WITH ME WHILE D.P. WAS STILL ALIVE!



HOLY COW! SOMETHING'S PROWLING AROUND UPSTAIRS ---AND I HATE TO ADMIT WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE! A GHOST!

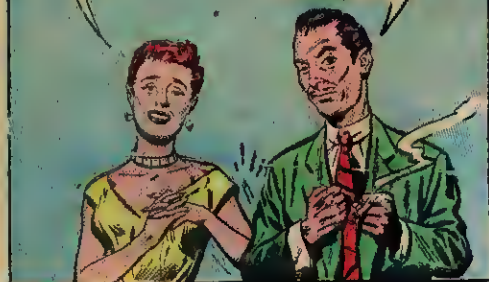


GUESS I'D BETTER NOT SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THAT SPOOK TO ALMA AND HARVEY! THEY SEEM TO FEEL BADLY ENOUGH ABOUT HAVING BEEN STUCK WITH BRAXTON HALL WITHOUT THE ADDED BLOW OF LEARNING IT'S **HAUNTED!**



MAYBE IT'S **DON** WHO'S PECULIAR, HARVEY... A LITTLE NERVOUS AND OVER-WROUGHT AFTER HIS LONG DRIVE! I DON'T KNOW WHETHER YOU **ALWAYS** ACT SO JITTERY, DON... BUT MAYBE I'D BETTER SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOM AND LET YOU GET A GOOD NIGHT'S REST!

YEAH... SURE! **THAT'S** WHAT YOU NEED, DON!



HA-HA! BEFORE **DON** LEAVES BRAXTON HALL, HE'LL BE A NERVOUS WRECK... MUTTERING ABOUT THE HORRIBLE FORM THAT WILL MAKE THE REST OF HIS LIFE A **NIGHTMARE!**



Then...

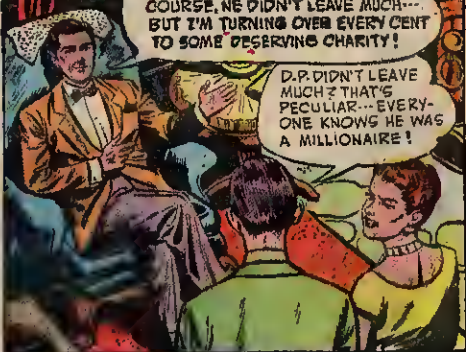


OH!

SOON AFTERWARD...

I'M YOUNG ENOUGH TO GET AHEAD UNDER MY OWN STEAM, HARVEY... AND **THAT'S** WHY I FEEL D.P.'S MONEY SHOULD BE USED AS HE INTENDED... TO HELP PEOPLE! OF COURSE, HE DIDN'T LEAVE MUCH... BUT I'M TURNING OVER EVERY CENT TO SOME DESERVING CHARITY!

D.P. DIDN'T LEAVE MUCH? **THAT'S** PECULIAR... EVERYONE KNOWS HE WAS A MILLIONAIRE!



MINUTES LATER... AS A HUSHED DARKNESS SETTLES OVER BRAXTON HALL...

IT'S A PITY THIS PHOSPHORESCENT PAINT MUST BE APPLIED EVERY FEW HOURS TO MAKE THE GLOW LAST... BUT IT WILL BE WELL WORTH THE TROUBLE!



A SECOND LATER...

CREEPERS! WONDER WHAT'S WRONG?



SUDDENLY...

SOMETHING'S MOVING
ACROSS THE ROOM...
TOWARD THAT OLD
SEA CHEST!



**DO NOT LET BEAMS TOUCHED...
SLOWLY, SLOWLY THE LID OF THE
CHEST RISES IN THE GLOOM!**

WHO IS THAT? ARE YOU
LIVING... OR SOMETHING
THAT *DID* LIVE?



**GRADUALLY AS A SPIRIT CANDLE, THE
BRILLIANT LIGHT FADES... FORMING AN
OUTLINE PALE AS MISTY MOONLIGHT!**

DONALD... IT'S YOU! I
DIDN'T NOTICE YOU UNTIL YOU
SPOKE... THE SAME VOICE,
THE SAME DEAR FACE I
LOVED SO LONG AGO!



YOU'VE GOT THE NAME RIGHT,
HONEY... BUT DON'T LET MY
MOMENTARY PALLOR FOOL
YOU! I JUST LOOK LIKE
A GHOST!

DONALD, PLEASE DON'T
JOKE... AFTER ALL MY LONELY
WAITING IN THE SPIRIT WORLD!
I'VE TRIED TO REACH YOU EVER
SINCE THE NIGHT I DIED, FIFTY
YEARS AGO... THREE DAYS BEFORE
YOUR SHIP RETURNED FROM
CHINA... THREE DAYS BEFORE
WE WERE TO HAVE BEEN
MARRIED!



GREAT
GUNS...
YOU'RE
NANCY!

YOU DO REMEMBER ME,
DARLING! HOW MUCH LONGER
WILL I HAVE TO WAIT...
BEFORE YOU JOIN ME
FOREVER?



NANCY, I'M AFRAID YOU'VE GOT THE **WRONG** DONALD
PEARSON! THE MAN YOU LOVED WAS MY GRANDUNCLE! OLD
D.P. USED TO TELL ME ABOUT YOU... AND I KNOW HE LOVED
YOU TO THE VERY END, NANCY... BECAUSE HE NEVER MAR-
RIED ANYONE ELSE! HE GREW
TO BE A VERY OLD MAN - FULL
OF MEMORIES OF YOU AND THE
SEA... AND I WISH I COULD
HAVE BEEN WITH HIM WHEN
HE DIED THREE MONTHS
AGO!



**WAIT A MINUTE! IF
D.P.'S DEAD... HOW COME
YOU'RE LOOKING FOR HIM
HERE? WHY HAVEN'T YOU
MET HIM IN THE SPIRIT
WORLD?**

IF YOU KNEW HOW MANY
UNCOUNTED SOULS WERE
SEEKING THEIR LOVED ONES
IN THE MISTY BEYOND...
YOU'D REALIZE IT TAKES
TIME! SOONER OR LATER,
I KNOW DONALD AND I
WILL MEET!



UNTIL THEN, YOU MUST HELP ME IN THE MISSION FOR WHICH I RETURNED! DURING THE LONG YEARS AFTER YOUR GRAND-UNCLE LEFT THE SEA, HE LOST TRACK OF HIS OLD GAILING MATES! ONLY A FEW OF THEM ARE STILL ALIVE---LONELY AND UNABLE TO WORK---WATCHING THE SLOW SHADOWS LENGTHEN OVER WHAT IS LEFT OF THEIR DAYS! FOR HIS SAKE---PROMISE ME YOU'LL HELP THEM!



AS THE PHANTOM FADES TO A SOFT GLOW THAT FILTERS THROUGH THE VELVET DARKNESS---

IT WASN'T A DREAM---OR JUST A WILD FLIGHT OF MY IMAGINATION! A GHOST ALWAYS NEEDS A DEFINITE PHYSICAL LINK WITH THE PERSON IT'S TRYING TO REACH---AND THESE ARE THE LETTERS NANCY WROTE TO D.P. BACK IN 1899!



NEXT MORNING---

THIS IS THE SECOND TIME YOU'VE ASKED ME WHETHER I SLEPT WELL, HARVEY! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

NOTHING---NOTHING AT ALL! YOU JUST SEEM PALE, THAT'S ALL---ALMOST AS IF YOU'D SEEN A GHOST!



THAT'S INTERESTING---BECAUSE AS A MATTER OF FACT, I DID SEE A GHOST!

OH-H!



ALMA---PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER! BUT I DIDN'T... THAT'S WHAT YOU WANTED, WASN'T IT? I DIDN'T! I WAS IT---TO SCARE HIM OUT OF HIS WITS?

---FALL DOWN THE STAIRS ---AND RETURNED TO MY ROOM WHEN I RECOVERED! HE SAW SOMETHING, HARVEY--- BUT IT WASN'T ME!



THAT SOUNDS JUST LIKE WHAT I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR! A PERFECT WAY TO SPEND D.P.'S MONEY! BUT I SHARE THE ESTATE WITH MY COUSINS, ALMA AND HARVEY WHITING---AND MAYBE THE THREE OF US CAN WORK OUT SOMETHING THAT WILL REALLY HELP THOSE OLD BLUEWATER SAILORS! SUPPOSE I SPEAK TO THEM?

NO---SAY NOTHING! I SENSE SOMETHING IN THIS HOUSE THAT ROCKS THE WORLD OF SPIRITS! BEFORE YOU SPEAK OF GHOSTS---LET ME MAKE SURE THEY WILL BELIEVE!



I DON'T WANT TO APPEAR WOGY, BUT SINCE YOU TWO SEEM TO BE WHISPERING ABOUT ME---WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

I'LL TELL YOU! ALMA'S BEEN WORRYING ABOUT WHAT YOU SAID LAST NIGHT---THAT D.P. DIDN'T LEAVE YOU MUCH!



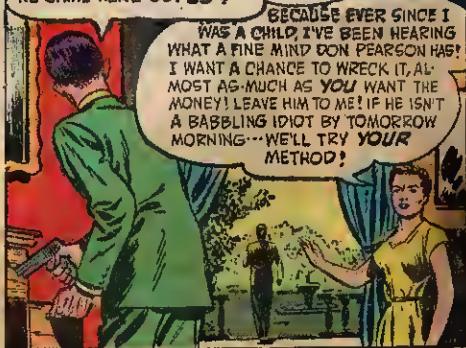
WHO ARE YOU TRYING TO KID, ANYWAY? IF YOU'RE TRYING TO CONCEAL THE AMOUNT OF MONEY IN THE ESTATE... THERE MUST BE A REASON!

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR ATTITUDE THAT RATES A POKE IN THE NOSE, CHUM--EXCEPT THAT I'M IN NO HURRY TO LEAVE BRAXTON HALL! JUST TO SET YOU AND ALMA STRAIGHT MEANWHILE... D.P. LEFT ME EXACTLY \$25,000!



\$25,000, EH? IF THAT'S THE CASE, THE REST OF D.P.'S MILLIONS IS HELD IN TRUST--AND WE'LL AUTOMATICALLY INHERIT IT IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO DON! WHY TAKE THE TIME TO DRIVE HIM CRAZY... WHEN NO ONE KNOWS HE CAME HERE BUT US?

BECAUSE EVER SINCE I WAS A CHILD, I'VE BEEN HEARING WHAT A FINE MIND DON PEARSON HAS! I WANT A CHANCE TO WRECK IT, ALMOST AS MUCH AS YOU WANT THE MONEY! LEAVE HIM TO ME! IF HE ISN'T A BABBLING IDIOT BY TOMORROW MORNING... WE'LL TRY YOUR METHOD!



THAT NIGHT... WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO ACT FRIGHTENED WHEN DON MENTIONED HAVING SEEN A GHOST... INSTEAD OF REALIZING IT WAS JUST HIS CLEVER WAY OF TRYING TO CATCH US OFF GUARD!



I JUST HOPE THAT DON DOESN'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS ANY MORE THAN I DO... BECAUSE TONIGHT HE'S GOING TO GET THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE!

AH! I CAME HERE TO PLEAD WITH HER AS I PLEADED WITH DON... AND I ARRIVED JUST IN TIME TO OVERHEAR WHAT SHE HAS IN MIND!



THIS IS THE EVIL FORCE I SENSED! UNBELIEVER... LOOK BEHIND YOU!



DON MENTIONED ANOTHER ONE... HARVEY! IT WILL BE EASY ENOUGH TO LEARN HIS INTENTIONS... IF HE THINKS I'M HER!



A FLASH...NANCY CHANGES HERSELF INTO AN EXACT DUPLICATE OF THE HORRIBLE FIGURE SPRAWLED ON THE FLOOR!

HEH-
HEH-
HEH!

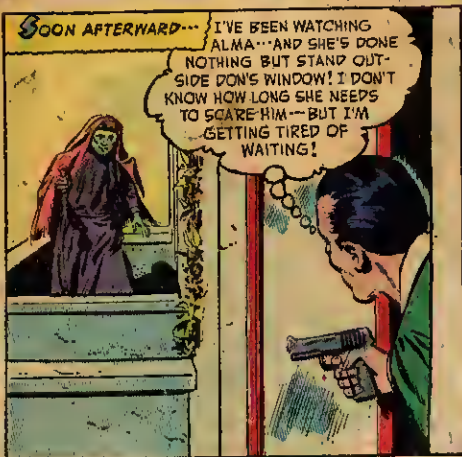
CR-RAK!

AN INSTANT LATER...THE HORRIBLE FORM SOARS FROM THE DARKENED WINDOW!



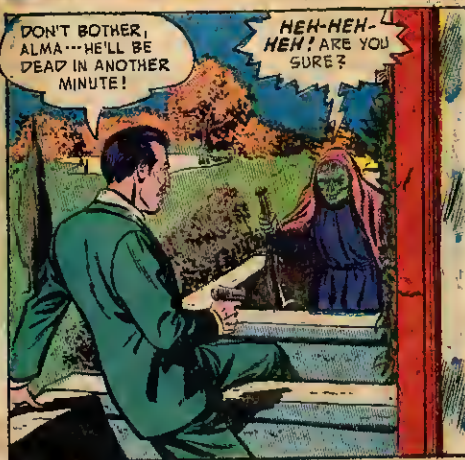
SOON AFTERWARD...

I'VE BEEN WATCHING ALMA...AND SHE'S DONE NOTHING BUT STAND OUTSIDE DON'S WINDOW! I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG SHE NEEDS TO SCARE HIM--BUT I'M GETTING TIRED OF WAITING!



DON'T BOTHER, ALMA...HE'LL BE DEAD IN ANOTHER MINUTE!

HEH-HEH-
HEH! ARE YOU SURE?



ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW SOMETHING DEAD WHEN YOU SEE IT?

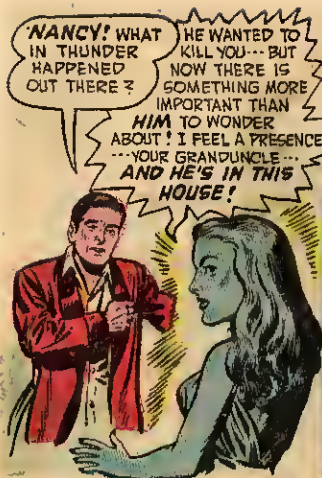
THAT FACE...IT'S MOVING...GETTING MORE AND MORE HORRIBLE! IT'S NOT A MASK...IT'S NOT ALMA!



AAAAAGH!

CRASH!





YOU SEE, DON... I **PRETENDED** TO DIE JUST TO SEE WHAT USE MY HEIRS WOULD MAKE OF WHAT I LEFT THEM... AND IT LOOKS AS THOUGH I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME TO VERIFY MY SUSPICIONS OF HARVEY AND ALMA!

THAT REMINDS ME... WHERE IS ALMA?



AT THAT MOMENT...

I FOUND HER RUNNING DOWN BRAXTON ROAD, MIKE... SCREAMING ABOUT **GHOSTS**! SEEMS THERE'S A WHOLE HOUSEFUL OF GHOSTS... AND SHE'S ONE OF THEM!

WHAT A CASE! GET THE HANDCUFFS ON HER... WHILE I RADIO HEADQUARTERS FOR A STRAIT-JACKET!



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER...

THE FINEST OLD SAILORS' HOME IN THE COUNTRY, MY BOY! DO YOU SUPPOSE THIS IS WHAT NANCY HAD IN MIND?



I'M **SURE** OF IT, D.R.! THERE SHE IS NOW... WAVING TO YOU!



AS NANCY'S FORM GROWS DIMMER, DON WATCHES THE ANCIENT FIGURE BESIDE HIM... WAVING WITH A RADIANT SMILE, AS IF THE OLD, OLD LOVE IN HIS HAZY EYES WAS A PROMISE OF SOMETHING THAT WOULD **NEVER** DIE!

SHE REMEMBERS... TOO...



AND MAYBE **THAT'S** WHY THE FADING FIGURE ON THE BALCONY SEES CAPTAIN DONALD PEARSON AS HE USED TO BE... A LONG TIME AGO!

GOODBYE, MY NANCY! GOODBYE, MY LOVE! I'LL SEE YOU... **REAL** SOON!



THE END!



HELLO there, all you "Adventures Into The Unknown" fans--and are we glad to see you *this* time! Fact is, we're practically busting with good news--the very news you've been waiting to hear! All set? Let's go, then! Effective with this issue, "Adventures Into The Unknown" becomes a monthly magazine!

Yes, we'll be publishing every month, now, instead of every two months, as previously. And it's all due to you--to the thousands of requests that have deluged us from the faithful readers whom we've striven to serve! You've wanted it--and now you've got it! And now it seems fitting that we take time out to thank you for your loyal and wholehearted support. For our part, we can do no less than pledge a steadfast continuance of the policies that have made "Adventures Into The Unknown" America's favorite magazine of the supernatural. As ever, we'll strive to bring you the best in spine-chilling stories of the great Unknown, brought into thrilling life by ace illustrators. Ghosts, werewolves, vampires, zombies--you'll meet them in gripping legion in

our future issues! And for your part, we ask only that you continue to accord us the splendid loyalty and support that you've shown in the past. Don't forget to buy this magazine every month now--and to urge your friends and relatives to do the same! Remember--we're counting on you!

And, as always, we're counting on your letters. For the new monthly "Adventures Into The Unknown" will continue to be your exclusive magazine, and it's up to you to make your tastes and preferences known to us. Always we desire to know what's up your alley and what you dislike, so that we can mould this magazine according to your expressed wishes. We've done this successfully up to the present time--we've put in just the brand of stories you've asked for, while deleting those which you didn't like--we've made our book a monthly because you were impatient over the waiting-time between issues--and we're going to keep up the good work! It's letters of the following type, to cite just a few, that have kept us toeing the mark--is yours among them?

"Dear Editor:-

I'm quite a fantasy fan--and that means a loyal fan of "Adventures Into The Unknown". One thing I like about your magazine is that it's original--and topa! Another thing are your illustrations--they're wonderful! However, I wish you would publish more stories on ancient Egypt and reincarnation. I've noticed that lately, many strange, supernatural and science fiction comics have burst forth on the newsstands, but so far, none have been as fine as yours. Keep up the great work and I'll always be a loyal reader!

-Tom Greene, Cincinnati, Ohio"

"Dear Editor:-

I've recently become one of your readers--and never before was I so thrilled by a magazine! I think it's tops--keep up the good work! I hope you'll soon publish it monthly instead of bi-monthly!

-Carol Eversen, Marinette, Wis."

"Dear Editor:-

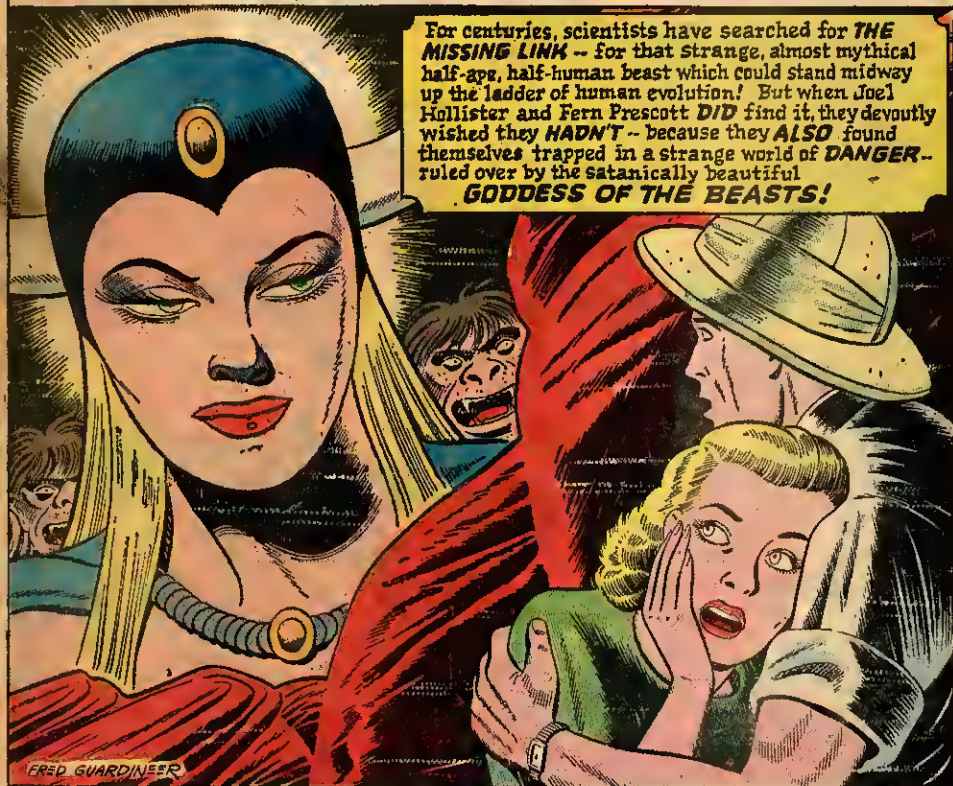
I operate a grocery store and don't find much time for entertainment--but when I have some spare time, I find no greater enjoyment than to read a copy of "Adventures Into The Unknown". I do not have any criticism to make on your magazine, because I don't see how the stories could be any better. But I would like to see a good zombie story in an early issue.

-J. D. Osborne, San Francisco, Cal."

REMEMBER--WE'RE WAITING TO HEAR FROM YOU!!

Goddess of The Beasts

For centuries, scientists have searched for **THE MISSING LINK** -- for that strange, almost mythical half-ape, half-human beast which could stand midway up the ladder of human evolution! But when Joel Hollister and Fern Prescott **DID** find it, they devoutly wished they **HADN'T** -- because they **ALSO** found themselves trapped in a strange world of **DANGER** -- ruled over by the satanically beautiful **GODDESS OF THE BEASTS!**



GREAT SCOTT! FERN -- LISTEN TO THIS!

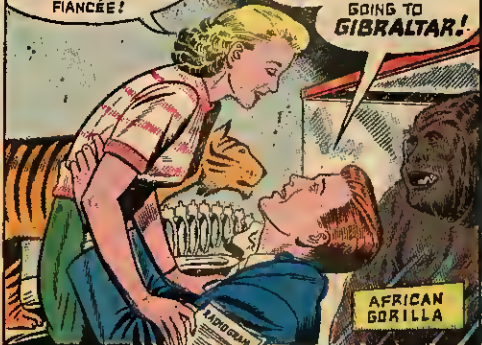
RADIOGRAM

PROF. JOEL HOLLISTER
ZOOLOGICAL MUSEUM OF
NEW YORK
HAVE CAPTURED SPECIMEN
OF STRANGE NEW SPECIES
OF APE ON GIBRALTAR --
MOMENTOUS IMPORTANCE.
COME QUICKLY.

PROF. E. J. ARMSTRONG

A NEW SPECIES OF APE--?
JOEL... PUT ME **DOWN!**
I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU
THIS EXCITED EVER
SINCE I'VE BEEN YOUR
ASSISTANT--AND
FIANCEE!

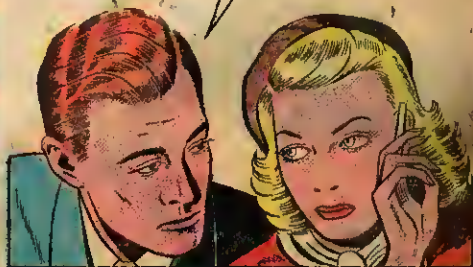
OF COURSE I'M EXCITED,
DARLING--THIS IS WHAT ARMSTRONG
AND I HAVE BEEN WAITING **YEARS**
FOR -- IT MAY SET THE WHOLE
WORLD ON ITS EAR! HURRY
UP AND PACK--WE'RE
GOING TO
GIBRALTAR!



YOU SEE, DARLING, STRANGE-LOOKING APES HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO SUDDENLY APPEAR, DISAPPEAR, AND REAPPEAR MYSTERIOUSLY AT ODD INTERVALS ALL THROUGH THE HISTORY OF GIBRALTAR! BUT NONE HAS EVER BEEN CAUGHT BEFORE--UNTIL NOW! AND EVERY SQUARE INCH OF THE LIMESTONE CAVES ON THE ROCK HAS BEEN SEARCHED TO FIND THE APES' HIDING PLACE--WITHOUT SUCCESS!

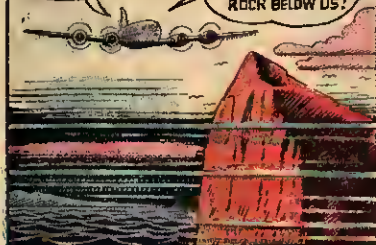


AND APES AREN'T THE ONLY ONES WHO STRANGELY DISAPPEAR THERE--**HUMANS** DO, TOO! OF COURSE, THERE'S AN ANCIENT LEGEND OF A SUBMARINE TUNNEL UNDER THE MEDITERRANEAN, RUNNING FROM THE ROCK TO THE AFRICAN COAST OF BARBARY--11½ MILES AWAY--BUT THAT'S **FANTASTIC!** THERE MUST BE SOME **SCIENTIFIC** EXPLANATION--AND THE STRANGE APE THAT ARMSTRONG'S CAUGHT MIGHT GIVE US THE ANSWER!



JOEL--I'VE JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING! ISN'T THE MOUNTAIN ON THE AFRICAN SIDE OF THE STRAIT OF GIBRALTAR KNOWN AS THE **HILL OF APES**--BECAUSE OF THE GREAT NUMBER OF BARBARY APES FOUND THERE? THAT MIGHT BE EVIDENCE THAT THERE IS A TUNNEL THROUGH WHICH THE APES CROSS OVER TO GIBRALTAR!

NONSENSE, DARLING--IT'S JUST A COINCIDENCE! OH--LOO--THERE'S THE ROCK BELOW US!



AN HOUR LATER...

WELL, THERE IT IS--THE NEW SPECIES I CAUGHT! I WISH YOU COULD TELL ME WHAT IT IS, HOLLISTER! I CHAINED IT UNTIL I COULD GET A CAGE!

IT--IT'S **NORRIBLE!** IT'S LIKE THE **MISSING LINK**--IT'S NEITHER MAN NOR APE!



IT'S A **FANTASTIC** CREATURE--AND LOOK AT THE WAY IT **STARES** AT YOU, FERN! IT--**LOOK OUT--IT'S BREAKING LOOSE!**

OH--H--H!



STOP THE THING, QUICK!

DON'T JUST **STAND** THERE, FERN! **RUN!**



BUT THE STRANGE, SIMIAN BEAST REACHES FERN, AND WITH A MIGHTY SWEEP OF ITS POWERFUL ARM...



**OHHH!
UGH!**

**OH, NO--NO!
HELP!**

WHAM!



**JOEL--
HELP!**



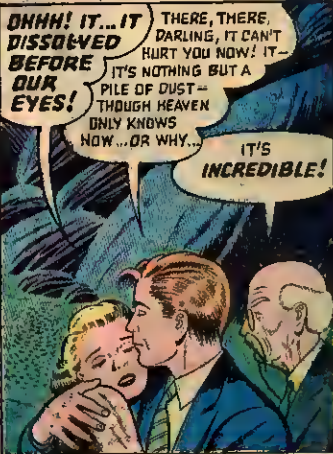
**GOT TO...
SAVE
HER...**

GAAAGH!

**WAIT, JOEL--
LOOK!
IT'S REELING...
STAGGERING!**

**AND THEN, BEFORE THE
STARING EYES OF ITS HORRIFIED
OBSERVERS, THE STRANGE BEAST
SUDDENLY BEGINS TO
DISINTEGRATE INTO
DUST!**

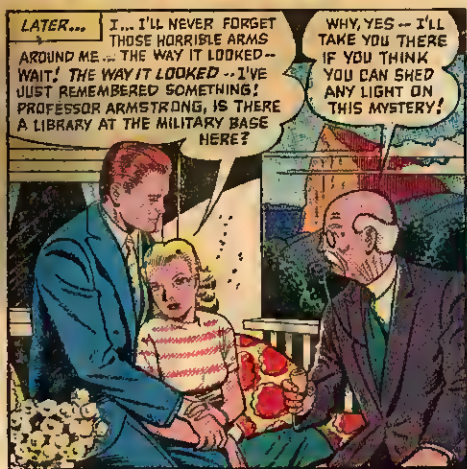
YAAAAGHH!



**OHHH! IT...IT
DISSOLVED
BEFORE
OUR
EYES!**

**THERE, THERE,
DARLING, IT CAN'T
HURT YOU NOW! IT--
IT'S NOTHING BUT A
PILE OF DUST--
THOUGH HEAVEN
ONLY KNOWS
HOW...OR WHY...**

**IT'S
INCREDIBLE!**

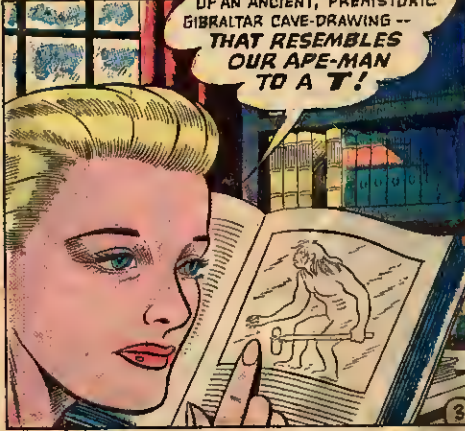


LATER...

**I... I'LL NEVER FORGET
THOSE HORRIBLE ARMS
AROUND ME... THE WAY IT LOOKED--
WAIT! THE WAY IT LOOKED --I'VE
JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING!
PROFESSOR ARMSTRONG, IS THERE
A LIBRARY AT THE MILITARY BASE
HERE?**

**WHY, YES -- I'LL
TAKE YOU THERE
IF YOU THINK
YOU CAN SHED
ANY LIGHT ON
THIS MYSTERY!**

AN HOUR LATER...



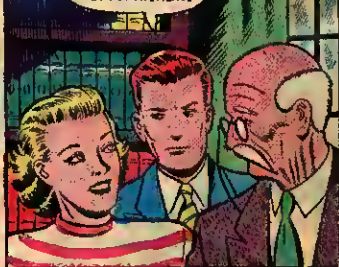
**AN, HERE IT IS--A PHOTOGRAPH
OF AN ANCIENT, PREHISTORIC
GIBALTAR CAVE-DRAWING --
THAT RESEMBLES
OUR APE-MAN
TO A T!**

AND LISTEN TO THIS -- ACCORDING TO THE ANCIENT NATIVE LEGENDS THAT HAVE SPRUNG UP AROUND THIS PLEISTOCENE DRAWING, THESE MAN-LIKE GORILLAS HAVE EXISTED SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME! A WHOLE COLONY OF THEM IS SAID TO HAVE BECOME THE SLAVES OF A STRANGE, FABULOUS GODDESS, IN RETURN FOR THE ETERNAL LIFE WHICH SHE GAVE THEM! IT ALL TIES IN WITH THE LEGENDS OF THE SUBMARINE TUNNEL!



JUST THINK-- IF WE FIND THAT TUNNEL, WE'LL PROBABLY FIND THE GODDESS, TOO!

NON SENSE-- THOSE LEGENDS ARE PURE SUPERSTITION! WE'LL START SEARCHING TOMORROW-- FOR A PERFECTLY NATURAL SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION!



BUT, THE NEXT AFTERNOON, AFTER A DAY OF WEARY, FRUITLESS SEARCHING...

WHAT ROTTEN LUCK-- THIS CLOUDBURST WILL MAKE US CALL OFF OUR SEARCH ENTIRELY!

COME ON-- WE'LL HAVE TO SEEK COVER IN THAT CAVE OVER THERE!



OHH -- THAT LIGHTNING STRUCK JUST OUTSIDE THIS CAVE!



AFTER THE STORM...

JOEL-- LOOK! THAT BOLT BURNED AWAY PART OF THE BRUSH-- AND REVEALED A NEW CAVE! THIS MAY BE IT!

HMMM... THE CAVE ENTRANCE WAS VERY CLEVERLY CONCEALED-- AND THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A REASON! COME ON, LET'S INVESTIGATE IT-- THERE OUGHT TO BE PLenty OF DRY WOOD IN THE CAVE THAT WE CAN LIGHT AND USE AS TORCHES!



THEN, IN THE EERILY FLICKERING TORCH-LIGHT, WITH STRANGE, QUIVERING SHADOWS ASSUMING MONSTROUS SHAPES AHEAD OF THEM...

THE-- THE CAVE LED INTO A TUNNEL -- AND IT'S SLOPING DOWN IN A WESTERLY DIRECTION -- TOWARD THE BARBARY COAST! MAYBE YOU WERE RIGHT, FERN!

I... I WISH I WERE WRONG -- NOW! THIS... THIS PLACE FRIGHTENS ME, JOEL!



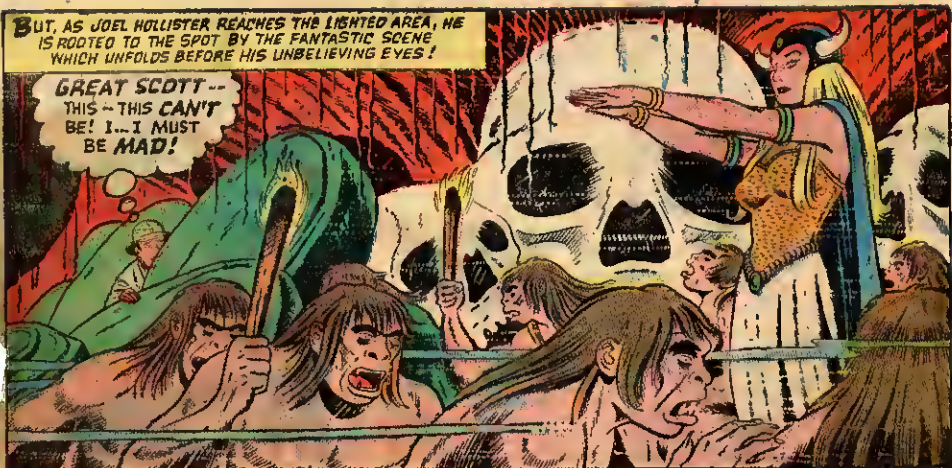
WE... WE MUST BE UNDER THE MEDITERRANEAN BY NOW! HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS WHERE THIS LEADS TO-- JOEL! WHY ARE YOU STOPPING -- WHAT'S WRONG?

SHHH! THERE'S A LIGHT AHEAD OF US! YOU STAY HERE -- WHILE I SNEAK UP AND INVESTIGATE!



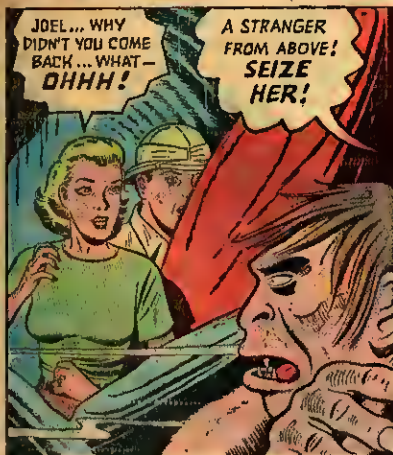
BUT, AS JOEL HOLLISTER REACHES THE LIGHTED AREA, HE IS ROOTED TO THE SPOT BY THE FANTASTIC SCENE WHICH UNFOLDS BEFORE HIS UNBELIEVING EYES!

GREAT SCOTT --
THIS -- THIS CAN'T
BE! I...I MUST
BE MAD!



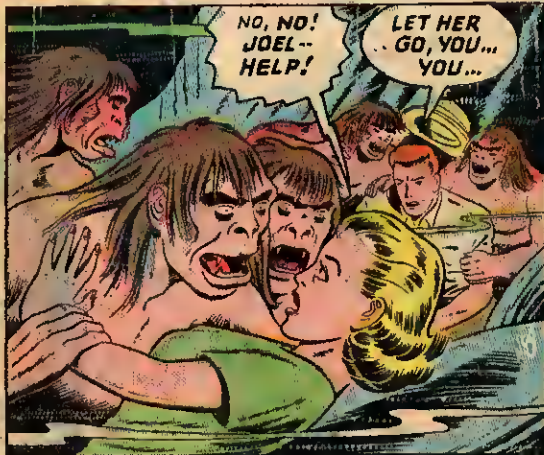
JOEL... WHY
DIDN'T YOU COME
BACK... WHAT --
OH!!!

A STRANGER
FROM ABOVE!
SEIZE
HER!



NO, NO!
JOEL --
HELP!

LET HER
GO, YOU...
YOU...

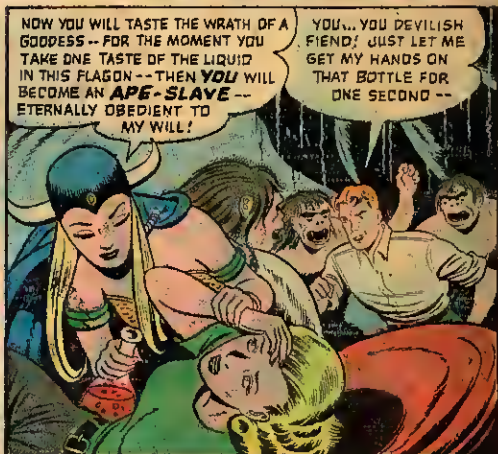
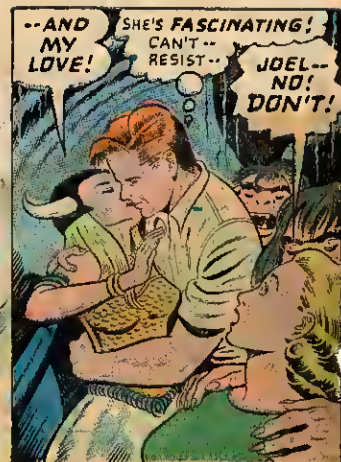


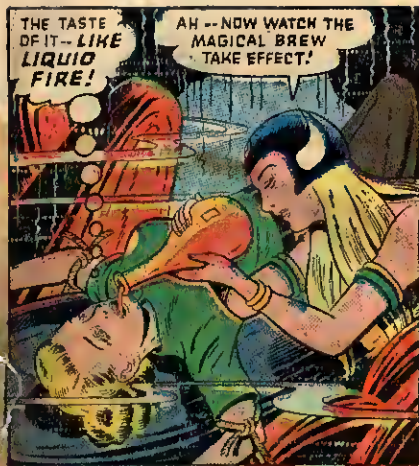
YOU HAVE DARED TO WITNESS THE
DANCE OF ETERNAL LIFE -- IN HONOR
OF MELDOR -- THE ETERNAL
QUEEN! FOR THAT -- YOU DIE!

YOU...YOU CAN'T!
LET HER GO --
PUNISH ME
INSTEAD!

I -- I DID NOT SEE YOU AT
FIRST! DEATH IS NOT
--FOR YOU!

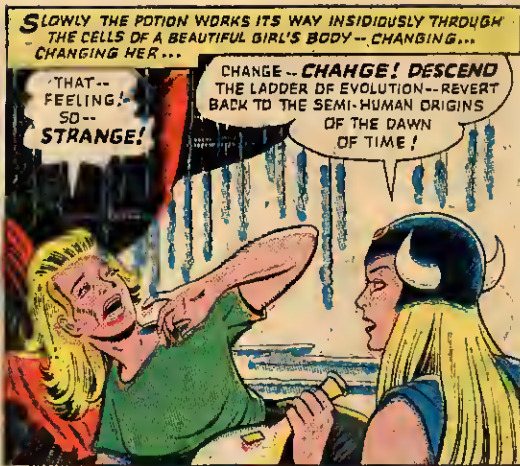






THE TASTE
OF IT -- LIKE
LIQUID
FIRE!

AH -- NOW WATCH THE
MAGICAL BREW
TAKE EFFECT!



SLOWLY THE POTION WORKS ITS WAY INSIDIOUSLY THROUGH
THE CELLS OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL'S BODY -- CHANGING...
CHANGING HER...

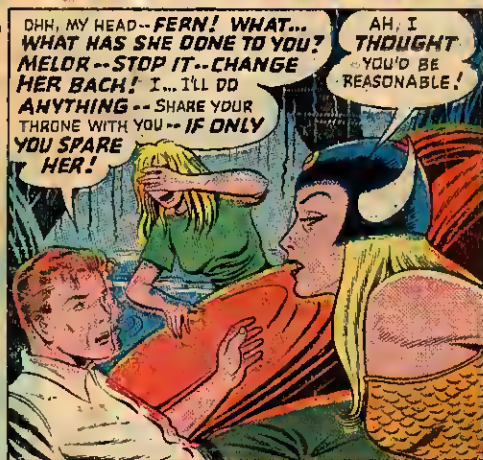
THAT --
FEELING --
SO --
STRANGE!

CHANGE -- **CHANGE!** DESCEND
THE LADDER OF EVOLUTION -- REVERT
BACK TO THE SEMI-HUMAN ORIGINS
OF THE DAWN
OF TIME!



OH, GOOD HEAVENS!
WHAT'S
HAPPENING
TO ME?

NO ONE CAN HELP YOU --
IN TEN MINUTES, YOU'LL
BE AS MY SLAVES!



DHH, MY HEAD -- FERN! WHAT...
WHAT HAS SHE DONE TO YOU?
MELOR -- STOP IT -- **CHANGE
HER BACK!** I... I'LL DO
ANYTHING -- SHARE YOUR
THRONE WITH YOU -- IF ONLY
YOU SPARE
HER!

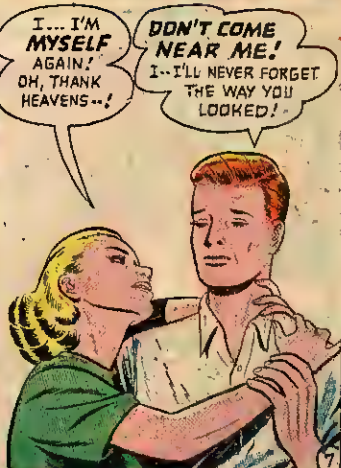
AH, I
THOUGHT
YOU'D BE
REASONABLE!



HERE -- DRINK THIS! IT WILL
NEUTRALIZE THE EFFECTS OF
THE POTION AND RESTORE
YOU -- BUT **NOT TO
HIS ARMS!**



AND THE MOMENT THE NEW
LIQUID TOUCHES THE LIPS OF
THE CREATURE THAT HAD ONCE
BEEN FERN PRESCOTT --



I... I'M
MYSELF
AGAIN!
OH, THANK
HEAVENS --!

**DON'T COME
NEAR ME!**
I -- I'LL NEVER FORGET
THE WAY YOU
LOOKED!

YOU--YOU
CAN'T
MEAN THAT!
YOU
LOVED
ME-- I'M
STILL THE
SAME GIRL
YOU WANTED
TO MARRY!

I'D **NEVER** MARRY YOU
NOW-- ESPECIALLY
AFTER I'VE MADE MY
CHOICE-- **MELDR!**
I'LL TAKE YOU BACK
TO THE TUNNEL
ENTRANCE-- **AND THEN**
I **NEVER** WANT TO
SEE YOU
AGAIN!

GET MOVING!
THE QUICKER
YOU'RE OUT OF
MY SIGHT, THE
BETTER I'LL
FEEL!

AH, BUT
I WON'T LET
YOU OUT OF
MY SIGHT!
COME,
SLAVES--
WE FOLLOW!

AS TWILIGHT GLEAMS THROUGH
THE CAVE ENTRANCE...

THERE'S THE
OPENING! COME
ON, FERN--
RUN!

**WHAT-- I WAS
TRICKED!
AFTER
THEM!**

OHH--!

OUTSIDE...

WE TOOK THE
WRONG TURN!
IT'S A
DEAD-END!

AND JOEL-- THEY...
THEY'RE COMING
CLOSER!

WE'RE
TRAPPED!

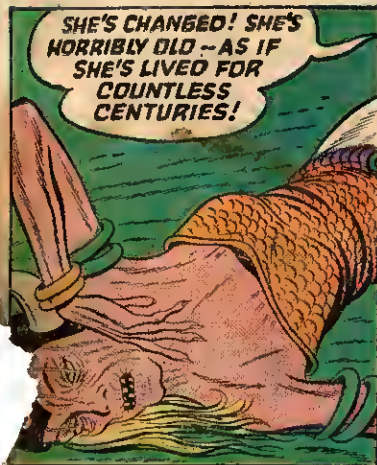
YES--**TRAPPED!** AND
NOW MY SLAVES WILL
TEAR YOU TO PIECES!

SUDDENLY...

SHE... SHE'S
STAGGERING--
FALLING--!

YAAAAGHH!

**JOEL--
LOOK!**

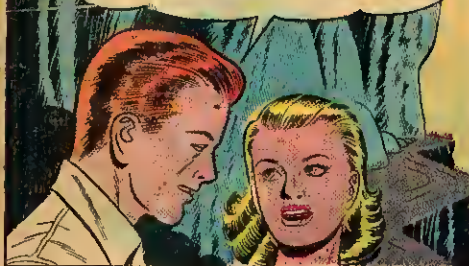


**IT--IT'S--
GHASTLY!**

APPARENTLY THOSE HALF-APES THOUGHT SO, TOO-- JUDGING FROM THE WAY THEY RAN FOR THAT TUNNEL! BUT THERE'S A VERY SIMPLE, SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION FOR IT ALL-- EVEN FOR THE FACT THAT MELOR **DID** LIVE FOR UNTOLD CENTURIES-- PROBABLY SINCE THE DAWN OF THE HUMAN RACE!



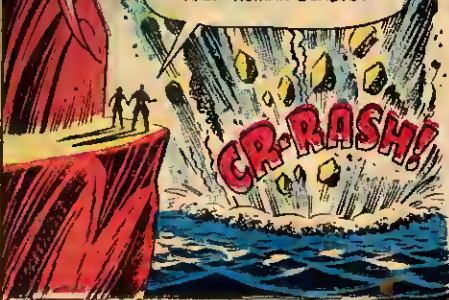
SHE AND THOSE MISSING LINKS--THOSE HALF-HUMAN, HALF-APES-- MUST HAVE FOUND SHELTER IN THAT DEEP TUNNEL DURING ONE OF THE GLACIAL EPOCHS--AND THEY ALSO FOUND ETERNAL LIFE THERE! RECENT SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATIONS HAVE SHOWN THAT AGING AND DEATH ARE CAUSED BY INVISIBLE COSMIC RAYS BOMBARDING OUR TISSUES-- BUT THE HUNDREDS OF FEET OF ROCK ABOVE THAT TUNNEL **SHIELDED** IT FROM THE COSMIC RAYS--SO MUCH SO THAT LIFE COULD BE **PROLONGED INDEFINITELY!**



I REALIZED ALL THAT WHEN I SUDDENLY REMEMBERED THAT APE THAT DISINTEGRATED INTO DUST--AND TIED IT IN WITH ALL THE ANCIENT LEGENDS! THAT WAS WHY I TRIED TO LURE MELOR UP TO THE SURFACE--BECAUSE THE COSMIC RAY INTENSITY UP HERE WOULD MAKE ALL OF HER CENTURIES **CATCH UP** WITH HER! I KNEW SHE WOULD AGE SOONER THAN HER APES, BECAUSE SHE'S INCREDIBLY OLDER THAN THEY ARE-- **WAIT!** THAT SOUNDED LIKE A **CANNON!**



IT MUST BE THE SOLDIERS-- AT TARGET PRACTICE! AND THEY MUST BE USING **HIGH EXPLOSIVES!** LOOK WHERE THAT SHELL LANDED--IT'S SENDING UP HUGE TONS OF ROCK! IT MUST HAVE LANDED RIGHT ON THE TUNNEL--AND **DEMOLISHED** IT-- ALONG WITH ALL THOSE HALF-HUMAN BEASTS!



LET'S FORGET ALL ABOUT DEATH AND AGE-- **WE'RE** ALIVE AND YOUNG! TELL ME ONE THING, JOEL-- DID YOU **MEAN** WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT NOT CARING FOR ME ANY LONGER?

HONEY, YOU'RE GOING TO BE KISSED IN A MOMENT--AND THEN **YOU CAN JUDGE FOR YOURSELF!**



The

Little GREEN MAN

"BUT MOMMY, I tell you I saw him...he was a little green man with rabbit's ears and a long tail, and he had wings instead of hands and he..."

"Now Bobby, stop that ridiculous fibbing this moment! You couldn't possibly have seen such a fantastic creature...and if you don't stop lying about it, I'm going to have to punish you by sending you up to your room without any supper!"

Bobby lowered his head and walked forlornly out of the living room, trying hard to fight back the tears which he knew an eight-year-old boy shouldn't give in to. But he couldn't help himself...the most wonderful thing in the world had just happened to him in his room upstairs...the most amazing little green man in the world had just flown through his window and had whispered strange, alluring tales of a far-off land into his ears...but nobody would believe Bobby, nobody even wanted to listen to him!

Almost bursting with the intense desire to share the news of this wonderful event with someone, Bobby wandered back into the living room. His mother was sewing, and she still looked very much annoyed...he'd better not try her again. But his father...maybe he would put his paper down long enough to listen to the story about the wonderful little green man!

Bobby walked timidly over to the big armchair and tugged at his father's sleeve. "Daddy, I really did see him! He wanted me to fly away with him to a place where children could..."

"That's enough out of you,"

his father said irritably, pushing him away. "Your mother told you what would happen if you kept on with those lies, so now you'd better fly...right up to your room, without any supper! Go on!"

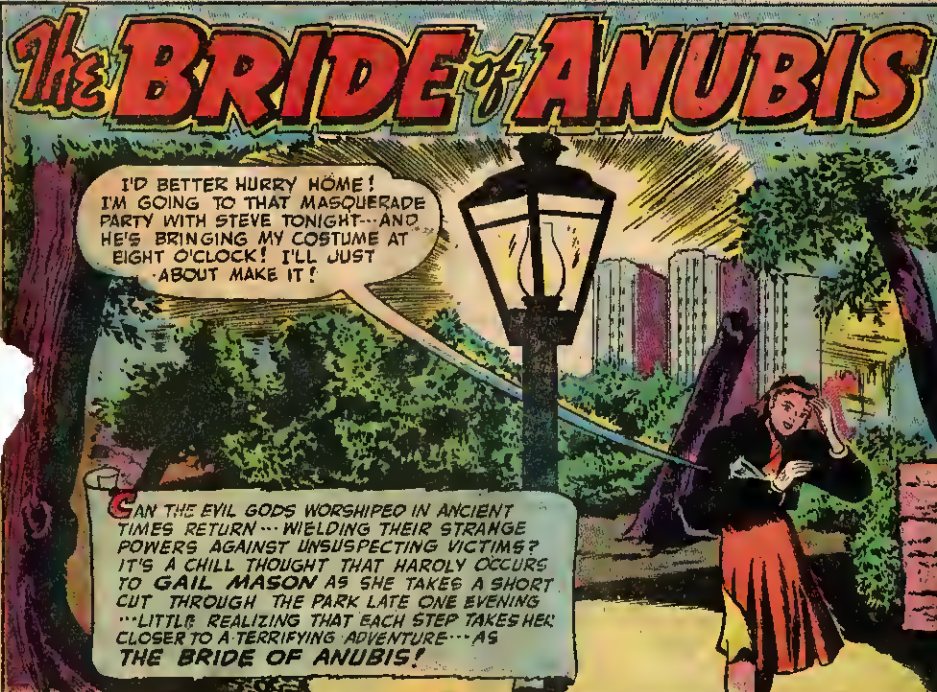
Bobby turned, the tears of resentment welling up in his eyes. Miserably, he walked up the stairs to his room, sorry now that he had turned down the little green man's offer to fly away with him to that wonderful, far-off land where children laughed and danced and played all the day long. If only the little green man would come and ask him again, if only...

Bobby panned at the threshold of his room, his ears filled with that same faint, unearthly music that had heralded the approach of the little green man just an hour ago. Eagerly, he ran to the window and looked out...and sure enough, through the gathering twilight he could make out the figure flying through the air towards his room.

Happily, Bobby stepped aside to let the little green man hop into his room. The little man's eyes twinkled and his rabbit's ears twitched appealingly as he said with a broad, engaging smile, "Ready now, Bobby?"

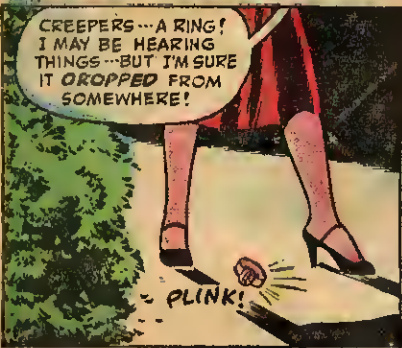
It was only a matter of moments later that Bobby's mother stalked down the stairs and into the living room, a flush of outraged anger on her face. "Really, Tom, you're going to have to do something about that son of ours!" she stormed. "It isn't enough for him to tell falsehoods...now he's going in for outright disobedience! You sent him up to his room, but he must have run off someplace, because I just looked...and he isn't there!"

The BRIDE of ANUBIS



I'D BETTER HURRY HOME!
I'M GOING TO THAT MASQUERADE
PARTY WITH STEVE TONIGHT--AND
HE'S BRINGING MY COSTUME AT
EIGHT O'CLOCK! I'LL JUST
ABOUT MAKE IT!

CAN THE EVIL GODS WORSHIPED IN ANCIENT
TIMES RETURN...WIELDING THEIR STRANGE
POWERS AGAINST UNSUSPECTING VICTIMS?
IT'S A CHILL THOUGHT THAT HARDLY OCCURS
TO GAIL MASON AS SHE TAKES A SHORT
CUT THROUGH THE PARK LATE ONE EVENING
...LITTLE REALIZING THAT EACH STEP TAKES HER
CLOSER TO A TERRIFYING ADVENTURE...AS
THE BRIDE OF ANUBIS!




CREEPERS...A RING!
I MAY BE HEARING
THINGS...BUT I'M SURE
IT DROPPED FROM
SOMEWHERE!

PLINK!



DROPPED FROM SOMEWHERE...BUT NOW? IS THERE
AN ANSWER LURKING IN THE DARK, FAINTLY-STIRRING
SHRUBBERY?

THOUGHT I HEARD
SOMETHING...LIKE HEAVY
BREATHING! IS THAT A FIGURE
...STANDING THERE IN THE
BUSHES?



TH--THERE'S NO SENSE
WAITING TO FIND OUT!
I'M GETTING HOME...
FAST!

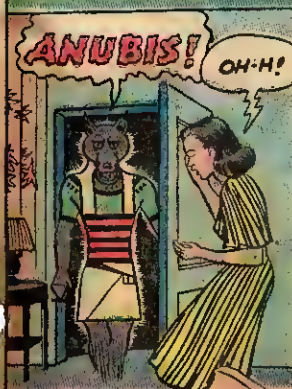
MINUTES LATER...



I'VE GOT THE QUEEREST NOTION
I DREAMED ALL THIS...BUT I
HAVE GOT THE RING! MAYBE
NOW I CAN SEE
WHAT IT
REALLY
LOOKS
LIKE!



AS THE WEIRD CREATURE
STALKS IN...ITS CROAKING
VOICE UTTERING A SINGLE WORD...

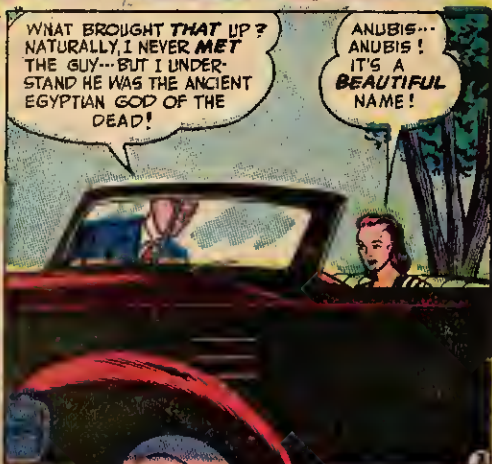
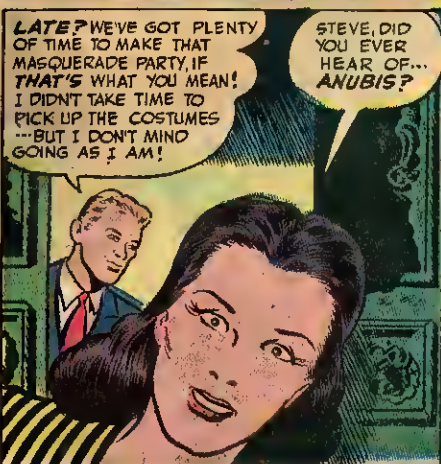
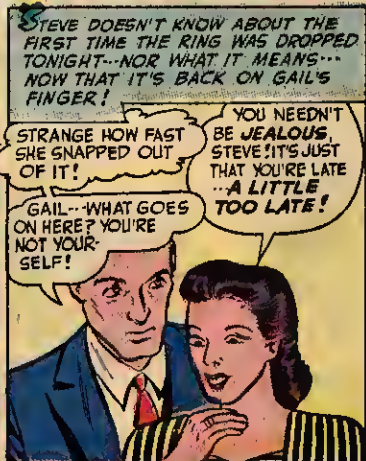
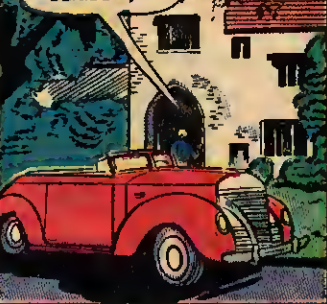


THE RING IS JOLTED FROM GAIL'S
FINGER AS SHE FALLS...AND SLOWLY
...RELUCTANTLY--THE MONSTROUS
FIGURE FADES!



SOON AFTERWARD...

GAIL CALLED OUT MY NAME
WHEN I PHONED...AND THEN
THE LINE WENT DEAD! SOME-
THING'S HAPPENED HERE...
AND I HOPE IT ISN'T
SERIOUS!



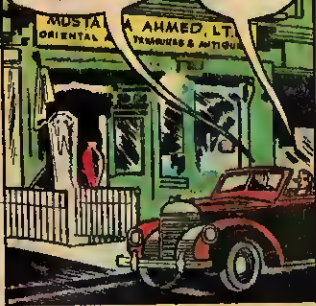
WONDER WHETHER I SHOULD HAVE LET HER DRIVE? GAIL ISN'T THE TYPE TO CARRY A GAG **THIS** FAR... THERE'S SOMETHING DEFINITELY WRONG WITH HER! AND WHAT'S WITH THIS ANUBIS? THE NAME KEEPS COMING BACK TO ME... AS THOUGH I'M LOOKING FOR A CONNECTION... **SOMEWHERE!**



SUDDENLY... GAIL VEERS TOWARD THE CURB!

WHAT ARE YOU STOPPING **HERE** FOR? LOOK, GAIL... WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?

STEVE... NOW I **KNOW** YOU'RE JEALOUS!



YES, THERE'S A CONNECTION SOMEWHERE... BUT STEVE DOESN'T REALIZE HOW CLOSE... OR HOW TERRIBLE!



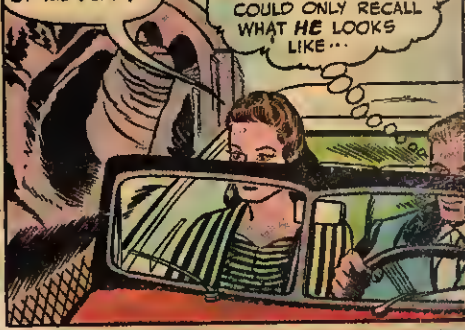
BUT I **WANT** TO COME HERE! I'VE GOT TO, STEVE... THERE'S NO WAY OUT OF IT!

THIS TIME I'M DRIVING! I **SHOULD** TAKE YOU HOME... BUT MAYBE YOU'LL SNAP BACK IF YOU GET AMONG PEOPLE AT THE MASQUERADE PARTY! COME ON, NOW!



I KNOW YOU THINK YOU'RE HELPING ME, STEVE! BUT WHAT'S SO TERRIBLE ABOUT HIS BEING... **GOD OF THE DEAD?**

SHE'S STILL BABBLING ABOUT ANUBIS... AND I CAN'T GET HIM OUT OF MY MIND, EITHER! **ALL EGYPTIAN GODS WERE QUEER-LOOKING CREEPS... BUT IF I COULD ONLY RECALL WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE...**



SLOWLY AN IMAGE FORMS IN STEVE'S MIND... A PICTURE FROM A HALF-FORGOTTEN BOOK... AND THEN, SUDDEN AS A THUNDERBOLT...

YE GODS... **THE RING!**



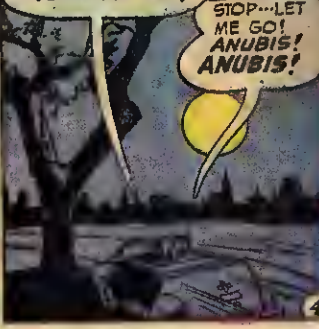
THAT'S WHY I COULDN'T FORGET ANUBIS... HIS FIGURE IS CARVED ON THAT RING YOU'RE WEARING! GAIL... LET'S SEE IT!

NO! IT'S HIS RING... I WON'T LET YOU TAKE IT!



I'VE GOT TO SEE IT, GAIL! I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS... WHY YOU FAINTED... THE COSTUME... **THE RING I WAS DUMB ENOUGH TO PICK UP AND PLACE ON YOUR FINGER!**

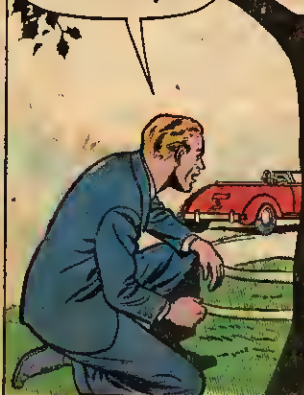
STOP... LET ME GO! **ANUBIS! ANUBIS!**



WAS IT AN ACCIDENT...OR THE NAME GAIL INVOKED...THE NAME OF THE HIDEOUS GOD WHOSE RING SHE WORE?



SHE'S GOT THE CAR STARTED! GAIL... WAIT!



GAIL! SHE'S HEADING BACK TO TOWN...JUST AS IF SHE WERE IN A TRANCE...OR ACTING UNDER SOME SINISTER INFLUENCE!



I KNOW IT SOUNDS WILD... BUT MAYBE SHE'S MEETING ANUBIS...BACK AT THAT ORIENTAL SHOP RUN BY MUSTAPHA AHMED! I'VE GOT TO REACH A PHONE...FAST!



MINUTES LATER...



JUST A DARKENED SHOP...CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT...BUT AS GAIL SLOWLY APPROACHES...



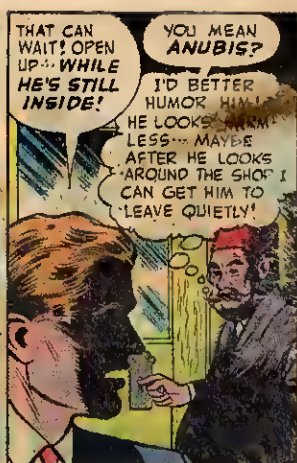
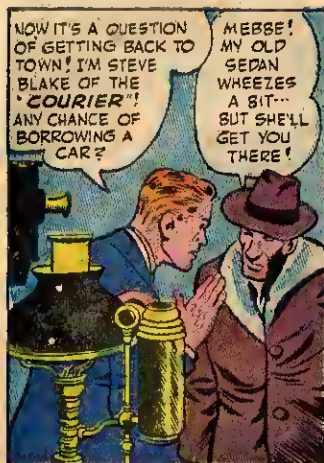
I KNEW WHERE TO FIND YOU... I KNEW! AND NOW I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU...FOR ANYONE...



Meanwhile...

I KNOW IT'S LATE, MUSTAPHA AHMED... BUT I'VE GOT TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND YOUR SHOP...TONIGHT! I'LL EXPLAIN WHEN YOU GET THERE...BUT FOR THE LOVE OF PETE, DON'T WASTE ANY TIME!





THOSE EYES...
THAT HOLLOW
VOICE! IT'S A
DEMON...IT'S
ALIVE!

WAIT! DON'T
LOSE YOUR
HEAD!

NOW I
BELIEVE IT!
ANUBIS, THE
EVIL ONE...
...THE
ACCURSED!

HIS SPIRIT MAY
BE EVIL...BUT
THIS IS JUST A
STATUE...A
HOLLOW
STATUE WITH
SOMETHING
INSIDE!

Now...AS THE GRIM IMAGE OF
THE DEATH-GOD HINGES OPEN...

GAIL!

THE BRIDE...THE
BRIDE OF ANUBIS!
THE ANCIENT
LEGENDS ARE
TRUE!

MONSTER! HERE LURKED THE
SPIRIT OF ANUBIS...IN THIS STATUE
...AND HERE IT WILL PERISH!

BLAM!

STEVE
...STEVE
DARLING!

SHE IS
ALIVE? SHE
HAS NOT
DIED...THIS
BRIDE OF
ANUBIS?

YES, GAIL'S
ALIVE...BUT
SHE CAME
MIGHTY CLOSE
TO DEATH BY
SUFFOCATION!
AND NOW,
MUSTAPHA...
WHAT'S THIS
LEGEND?

I AM AN ART-DEALER...
WHO WOULD EXPECT ME
TO BELIEVE SUCH
MYTHS? BUT IT IS
SAID THAT ONCE ANUBIS
IS REMOVED FROM HIS
ANCIENT TEMPLE...HE
WILL SEEK A BRIDE
AMONG MORTALS! SHE,
IS GIVEN A RING...AND
HER MARRIAGE TO THE
EVIL GOD WILL ENDURE
AS LONG AS THE GEM
REMAINS INTACT!

STEVE...YOU NEEDN'T
WORRY ABOUT ANY SILLY
LEGEND! I DON'T KNOW
WHAT KIND OF HORRIBLE
NIGHTMARE I'VE BEEN
THROUGH...BUT IT'S
OVER, DARLING!

AS LONG...
AS THE GEM
...REMAINS
INTACT...!

THE FIGURE ON THE
RING...SHATTERED...
JUST AS THE STATUE
WAS!

MUSTAPHA AHMED STARES FROM THE
SHATTERED STATUE ON THE FLOOR TO
ITS TINY DUPLICATE...ON THE RING...AND
THEN HE KNOWS THAT THE EVIL POWER
OF ANUBIS IS BROKEN FOREVER!

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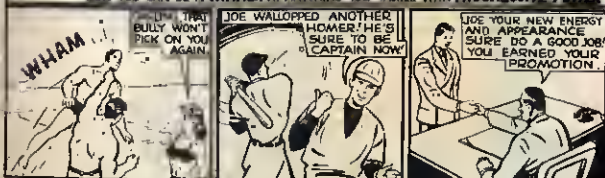
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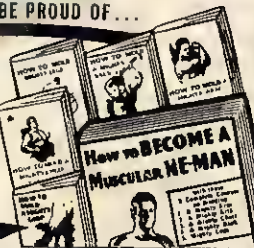
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